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FROM THE PLAINS TO THE PULPIT

By J.ohn W. ANDERSON

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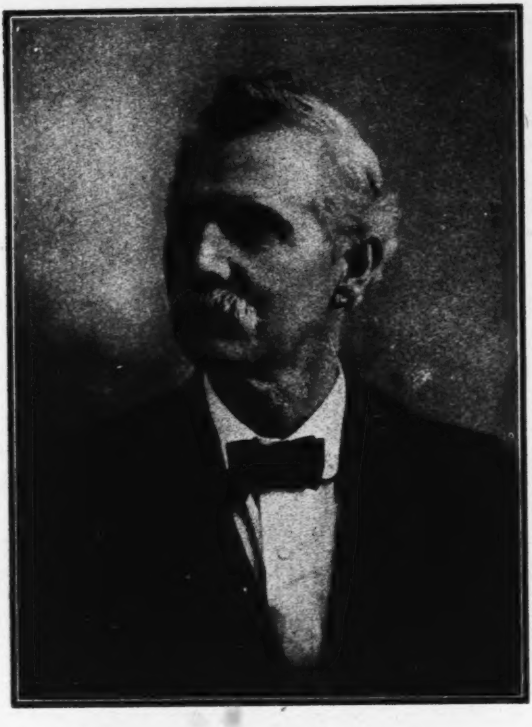

J. W. Anderson

Preface

THANKING all who have aided me, and being much encouraged by the many kind words which have come to me from readers in various parts of the world that the book had entertained them, cheered them amid their own trials and made them braver in the battles of life, I send this revised and enlarged edition out on the ocean of time trusting that my critics will not be too severe. Humbly praying that it will cheer and encourage thousands as they journey on in life, and guide some to the portals of bliss.

Yours in the Master's service,

J. W. ANDERSON

Addicks, Harris County, Texas
November, 1910

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CHAPTER I.

PARENTS AND CHILDHOOD.

I was born in Ouachita County, Arkansas, about ten miles west of Camden, October 14, 1855. Camden at that time was the trading center of all Southern Arkansas, because many boats came up the Ouachita from New Orleans. My father at that time was running a large farm, and also owned and was running a large saddle shop, of which he was the boss workman and salesman, but had in his employment a number of good workmen.

My father, S. R. Anderson, was born in Virginia, about sixty miles from Richmond, but I don't remember ever hearing him say in what direction. His father, or grandfather, came from Scotland, and there were seven brothers in this crowd that sailed from Plymouth, England. My mother was Miss Mary P. Puryear, born and educated at Athens, Georgia.

We moved to Harris County, Texas, in 1861, and settled three and a half miles north of Hockley, when that large Houston prairie had no houses on it, only around the edge of the timber, with one or two exceptions. We moved in an oxwagon. Mother had a strong buggy in which she rode.

My introduction to Texas stock occurred before I reached the large prairies. One evening while riding until I was tired, I decided to walk, and soon saw a brave two-year-old steer near the road. I decided to run this little steer which, after a few steps, decided he would not be run by such a chap as I was, and soon I was running, but he overtook me and hooked me down, and a few minutes later, when brother beat him off of me, my clothes were almost all torn off, and what was left on me were covered with blood. I was nearly killed. When I came to my mother was bathing me, while the tears of joy and thankfulness were rolling down her cheeks, glad I was not killed. The wounds and bruises were soon well, but I rode in the buggy for several days without walking. I never will forget this introduction to Texas stock. Not very long after we reached our Texas home. Some gentlemen drove up a large herd of horses; among them were some of my father's. My father showed me a pretty paint colt that he told me was mine as a gift from him. Oh! I was so rich. I ran across the pen to catch this colt with my hands, but I caused the wild horses to almost break their necks, and the colt was the wildest of all. At this juncture my father shouted, "Come back; you will get killed." I was almost run over in this change around and thought of the yearling affair, and decided that a colt so wild was good to look at, but not worth anything as a pet. I soon learned to throw the rope on the gentle calves and to ride yearlings. My father still owned several negroes, though he had sold most of them for land and stock. My father was a Methodist class-leader and licensed exhorter, and his house was the home for any preacher when one should happen to come into the neighborhood, but during the war, from 1861 to 1865, we had preaching only once and awhile—sermons were few and far between. We lived on the public road and often the soldiers on their way to the "front" or march would often pass. I never knew a soldier turned away when in need of food or raiment and many a foot-sore soldier rested for days and would tell of the hard fought battles beyond the Mississippi. During the war most of my time was spent in herding sheep, with a colored boy as a companion, whom I thought just as much of as if he had been white, yet he was our slave, as negroes were then called. When the war was over and the negroes set free, our faithful cook, who now was over forty years old and had been our house servant all her life, took her leave with her six children, and all the others left. Our place was so lonely I could hardly live for a few days. Now my dear mother, who had been raised in the lap of wealth and never had done cooking, washing and the like, decided to do her own work, and this home was soon happy again, though two sons, my brothers, Edward B. Anderson and Thos. Anderson, had fallen at their posts. I can never forget the day when my parents received a letter from a comrade in the army stating that brother Tom was killed. The writer said he died while making a third charge on the enemies' breastworks. A ball took off the top of his head and he never knew what struck him. He was killed in the battle at Chickamauga, Ga. Father had received a letter from him a few days before stating he had been fighting fifty-four days and he never expected to live through the war, but by the grace of God he would meet him in heaven. The reading of this last letter from him gave my parents great joy and sorrow combined, but when the letter containing the news of his death was read it seemed like the heavens were brass and no comfort came to dear mother's heart for days. Father called us all into the house and he read that part of the letter about his death and said, "We will all now bow in prayer, ask God to help us bear the great loss of our dear boy." My other brother was wounded in the same battle and taken prisoner with others and died in Fort Delaware prison with the smallpox. I had another brother who was stationed at Galveston during the war, who is today in fine health in his 64th year, while all my sisters and brothers are dead but him. I was the youngest of the family, the eleventh child.

At the close of the war and the negroes gone, my duties, sorrows and joys increased. I was soon placed under Mr. Wm. Walker to go on long drives on the range. I was green in the business, but my boss was as kind and true to me as one could be and an old hand at catching mustangs, and I knew I must obey orders and learn this business. I was soon up in all branches of the round-up and I let no one beat me running down a herd of wild horses or throwing the lasso. I was also under Mr. Wm. Perry on some of these drives; this exercise commenced in 1865, when I was only ten years old. As I was a small boy to ride on the range, other boys and some men would tease me and make out that they would hurt me, apparently just for fun, but all that I had to do was to ask Mr. Wm. Walker, who has long since passed away, to protect me or make them let me alone; why, one word from this brave man was enough at any time. I love his memory today for his kindness and faithfulness to me, so far away from home among such wicked men. Why, some of these men would take out their sixshooters and tell me I had to cuss; they knew my father was a praying man, a Christian. I never did cuss or drink to please them. I had no desire to cuss or drink and when these men would try me this way, it is true I was often afraid to incur their ill-will, and when this fun to them was enough they would brag on me as the "little preacher." They would not have hurt me seriously or really harmed me, but this I did not then know; this would happen when we were in camp resting, but in the pen or running on the prairie nothing but true kindness ever came to me and I soon learned that they would stand to their crowd and each one on the round-up must be protected. This noble-hearted Mr. Walker took the consumption, lingered on for two years and died. When I first began to ride the prairie under him, I think he could out-cuss any man in the drive or in the country, and I often trembled when standing by him or riding with him when he would cuss at such an awful rate, for fear God would send lightning and kill him, also kill me. (I will state here that his brother John was killed while cussing God Almighty one Sunday morning for letting the bees swarm on Sunday.) He would talk to me sometimes about religion and say, "If God was a just God, why did he let the Yankees whip the South and free our negroes and take our wealth?" He had great respect for my father and would sometimes say, "If I could feel as he does that my Redeemer lives; I have a home beyond this vale of tears where God and angels dwell and all is love, I would give all the world, if I owned it, for such a hope." Then again he would say there was no such thing as religion; as the disease increased on him he began to pray, but oh! wait—pause here, kind reader—he felt that only a few more days and hours on earth were his and he then sent for all the men in the country around who would pray to come and pray for him. I went to see him die and hear them talk to him and pray for him and sing. When they would say "Amen" and start to rise from their knees, he would say, "Don't stop praying; maybe God will hear and answer your prayers and save my soul, for if I die like I am, hell is my home for all eternity." He then related his experience. He said that on the battlefield, when the bullets were flying thick and fast around him, he promised the Lord if he would spare him to return home he would go to church and serve him faithfully the rest of his life. He returned from the war without a scratch, went to church, but when he reached the church he did not like the preaching, so he arose and left the church and returned cursing and swearing and never again did he feel any interest in religion. "I know I must die; I have tried to pray for months, but I could not pray. Oh! I must not die; I won't die; I can see hell now and hear the shrieks of the damned. Oh! pray for me." Consternation was written on the faces of all in the house. The scene was one I could no longer bear, so I left the house and ran home, almost a mile away, and told father, who was sick, the statements of Mr. Walker. Father replied it was too late for him, because he had been praying or trying to for weeks, but God would not listen. He died soon after I left, saying: "I am lost; I have sinned away my day of grace, the day I left the church because I did not like the sermon that day." Here before my eyes was fulfilled that statement in Prov. 1 : 26, "I also will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh." I went to the burying next day. I stood there and wept and thought of what this dear friend said in his dying hours. The hair would almost arise on my head when he would talk of the woe that awaited him. I thought of him and nothing else for days and would lay awake at night for hours thinking of him and praying. I decided that the Bible was true, as the preacher said, and the Bible I never did doubt. I thought the preacher never preached like he believed its truths and was not in earnest as he ought to be in his work in pressing home the truths of the Bible as he ought to be. I would have prayed anywhere then, though I was a boy of only thirteen years and did not have sense enough to think, I suppose, thought the preacher and the older Christians. My father prayed night and morning, though not always with the family. When a little boy, my dear mother would take me into a little room and kneel down and put her feeble, bony hand on my head and beg God to bless her baby boy and make him a true and useful man in the age in which he lived. Those prayers and dear mother's face covered with tears, with the blessings of God, have made me what I am under God today, and when I at last entered the ministry I felt I could never die satisfied unless through my labors of love hundreds were led to embrace a hope in a precious Savior. I can rejoice today that God has set His seal on my work and I feel that it is not nearly finished.

I am requested to write my experience on the plains and prairies for two reasons: first, because those days and the scenes can never take place again, because cattle are now in pastures; second, thousands have not had an opportunity to view the stirring scenes of an "early day Texas cattle round-up," when cattle were as wild as deer and cowboys in demand. My father's stock was mostly horses, which were managed nearly like cattle, yet I was on many drives when we were only after cattle. In those early days hands were paid from twenty-five to sixty dollars per month.

I never did drive up the trail to Kansas City, as some of my personal friends did, and hundreds of others whom I never knew, but talking with ladies and gentlemen in other States, and many in Texas who never saw wild cattle handled on the prairies, I came to the conclusion that Locke was right, or almost so, when he said, "A person cannot have an idea without experience." Many talk about it as though it was all sport with no dangers or hardships attached to it, but what a sad mistake, when into this business the inexperienced jump and think "they know it all." I have seen green hands quit at the close of the third day, and they would say, "If this is the way I am to make my living I will not need any after Sunday, because I would be dead by that day," but they had come for fun and not business, like some "ball goers" joining the church—religion was popular when they started, but they found it would take firmness, grit and grace to continue in the Christian warfare.

While we bid adieu to those stirring days of the big round-ups with reluctance, pausing long enough to drop a tear in memory of the chums who have gone to the great round-up of God on high, let us raise our eyes from a Texas cow and the past and see what we can do for our loved ones around us and the world at large.

CHAPTER II.

A HUNTER'S PARADISE AROUND MY HOME IN BOYHOOD.

I have of late years had many men to ask me if there was any good hunting grounds that could be easily reached, so great is the desire to find where they could have some real sport. These questions have often caused me to think of the great abundance of game that could be so easily found near my father's home when I was a boy. Often we could stand in the door and count twenty and thirty deer, and with a little caution one could slip out any time and kill all the good venison that the family could use. I would often find little fawns and catch and take them home. They are easy to raise, but while they were nice pets they soon grew to be very mischievous. Then mother would complain about the pets eating up the garden and the flowers, and these nice pets must be either sold or killed. I have seen one man start out from home about sunrise and return about 2 p. m. with as many deer as could be piled up in a stout two-horse hack, and of the venison that could not be used by the family or in hotels, the hind quarters were sent by express to Houston, where they would bring a good price. Some men delighted to chase the deer with a pack of hounds for the great sport of following the dogs, just the same as the rich of England chase the fox with their fine pack of blooded hounds. On one occasion a large buck which was slightly wounded ran through a field near where a lot of negroes were plowing and stopped in a fence corner to fight the dogs. Neither of the negroes had a gun, but they all wanted the deer, but how to get him was the great question. In the crowd was an African who said, "I will jump on him." The others tried to persuade him from the rash act, but to no avail, so Mr. African got on the fence and jumped on the buck, but no sooner was he on than the deer, with one leap, threw him and jumped onto him, but soon took his same stand in the corner of the fence; again the African jumped onto him, to be treated as before or a little worse, and this exercise continued until about the fourth time the African jumped on the deer, when enough dogs caught the deer in such a way that it was soon killed, but the African was not able to plow for several days, and he surely needed some clothing, because what he had on when he undertook to kill the deer was torn off ere the fun was over.

There was no law then against killing any game and one would kill a deer when he desired one. Turkeys were in abundance, also, the entire year, but were not hunted or killed much, only in the fall, winter and early spring.

Prairie chickens abounded everywhere; a thousand in a flock at times could be seen. In the fall of the year they would flock into the fields and if a man had a pea patch the prairie chickens would soon gather them for him if he did not watch very closely. In the early spring the chickens began to crow; it would seem as if the face of the earth on the prairies were covered with them and anyone who could use a gun could drive out in a buggy and very soon kill all he wanted, or shoot until he was tired out with the sport. I have killed as many as seven at one shot of these pretty fowls.

Quails were also in abundance, but they were hunted but little, because there was so much larger game, but quite a number were trapped by the boys in winter; now the quails are hunted in such a way by the sporting fraternity that it looks like they will be in a few years like the deer, turkey and prairie chickens—very few and far between, while the law is such that our boys dare not set traps for them.

In September the cranes, wild geese, brantes and ducks would leave their summer homes, the great lakes of the North, and come by thousands to the coast regions to spend the late fall and winter. These would furnish plenty of sport and good hunting for all who desired to handle the gun, and thousands were killed for home, while thousands were killed by the market hunter. It is true that many still come South each fall, but nothing like the tens of thousands which would come annually back in 1870 to 1885. One great reason for the shortage is that the rich gun clubs of the Northern cities hire men and boys to go to the great lakes, where they raise their young, catch the young birds and cut off a little of their wing so they can not fly South in winter, so the Northern hunter can have more to shoot near home.

What I have said about the abundance of game near my own home in boyhood was nearly the same over all the coast region of Texas and the greater part of the State, but it is quite different today.

I never was on a bear hunt in my life, yet quite a number were killed near father's home, and I have seen quite a number of their tracks near our home. A little girl that went to the same school that I did went out one day to pick blackberries and did not return when her parents thought she ought to; they went in search of her, and soon found her dead body, partly consumed by a large bear that was still near the remains.

A gentleman who settled near where the town of Anderson in Grimes County is in 1854 told me about a bear hunt he and his friends had. They planned the hunt so that one-half of the crowd was to strike the Brazos near old Washington and go down the river on the east side, while the other crowd was to start up the river from near where Hempstead now stands, the two starting points about twenty miles apart; each crowd had plenty of dogs and were to hunt toward each other. The two parties met near where Courtney now stands; about twenty bears were killed during the day; some of their fine dogs were killed by the bears, and when the two crowds met, they had driven the wild turkeys before them and the trees around them were full of turkeys, and they killed enough in a few minutes to feed all of their dogs.

I would not have written this chapter about the game around my home in boyhood had it not been for the fact that it may be of benefit to others in days to come, who may roam over or dwell in this section, and knowing that thousands of men would gladly make sacrifices if they could but spend one short month each year in such a hunter's paradise in which I grew up.

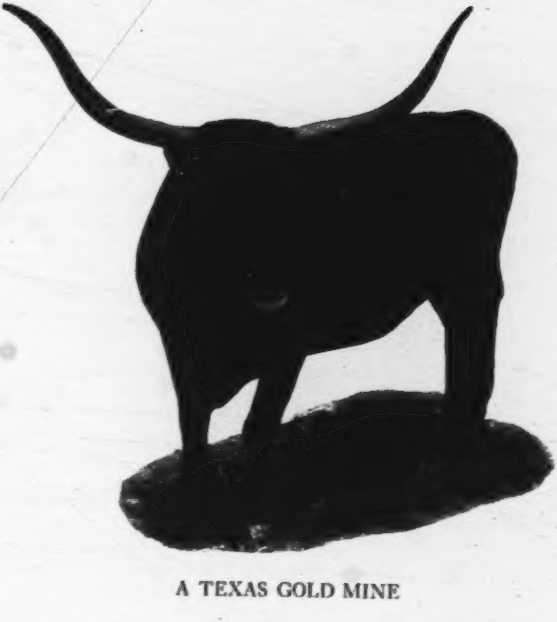
CHAPTER III.

A STOCKMAN'S PARADISE.

In the last chapter I told you of the hunter's paradise; it was also a stockman's paradise.

My father's home was on the north side of the Houston prairie. The main open prairie was about forty-five miles long by thirty miles wide, and this great open country was covered with nutritious grasses that afforded abundant pasture for thousands upon thousands of wild horses and cattle. If the man who invented the barbed wire was even born, no one thought then that this wide prairie would ever be fenced. So all our stock pens were made either with rails, planks or posts. The stock would get very fat in the spring and summer and would stay fat all winter; that is, the most of them. You could go out and kill a beef in the dead of winter that was as fine as one would want any time. The stock would drift south to the Brazos river bottom where there were thousands of acres covered with cane, and many would remain in the bottom until spring, while others would come back to the prairie when the norther stopped blowing or the cold moderated, and portions of the stock would take shelter from the cold on the bayous in the southeastern part of the prairie; wherever they drifted there was plenty of grass. Of course, some cows would die each winter, but the great majority of deaths were from old age; disease among cattle and horses was unknown to the stockmen on this range when I was a boy.

As the stock had fine range winter and summer, they increased rapidly, and a man could start with twenty-five or thirty cows and soon have a fine stock of cattle, and the same with horses. The horses raised here were of the best type of the Texas cow ponies, noted today around the world for endurance and hardships. While the steers, many then ran on the range until they were eight and ten years old. Cattle were cheap; the best steers could be bought for ten dollars and weighed one thousand to fourteen hundred pounds. The only market then for these large beeves was New Orleans, and there were two ways by which they could go to this market. One was to drive them to Shreveport, La., and load them on boats there, or make a deal with Allen & Poole, who had at that time all the boats carrying live stock from Galveston chartered, and they must have a royalty if you shipped from Galveston. Allen & Poole, who lived below Houston and owned, perhaps, at that time, more cat-



A TEXAS GOLD MINE

tle than any firm in Texas, had as many steers for market as they needed of their own raising, hence they never bought any unless they were very cheap. Messrs. Allen & Poole were said to brand about 30,000 calves a year, yet I don't know that they did, but the face of the earth seemed literally to be covered with cattle from Houston to the mouth of the Brazos river. Their cattle covered a thousand hills. The men who bought the large beeves on this range had to drive to Shreveport, La., then ship to New Orleans by boats, as there were no railroads then. When ranchmen would deliver the steers to the buyer, who had a lot of good hands, and each hand or cowboy had from four to six horses, and no "tenderfoot" or green hand who wanted to be a cowboy was wanted on this drive to Shreveport, because the beeves were liable at any time to stampede, which exercise would try the skill and nerve of old and experienced cow men. The men or cowboys who drove through to Shreveport were to herd the beeves at night. This, of course, they would do by turns, a part watch the herd until midnight, while the others would herd until daylight, then a new set of cowboys would take them, but all hands would now have to drive the herd that day, and at night the same program was followed. When one follows that kind of work for awhile he almost wishes he had never seen a cow pony or a longhorned Texas steer, because he is worn out with plenty of work and but little sleep, and then one must be always careful at night around a herd of wild steers; they are so easy to stampede. You may be sure, if the beeves are lying down all quiet and one of the night herders forgets himself and strikes a match, the whole herd is up and gone in one minute, and woe to the herder who is on the side to which they start, for he is likely to be run over and killed unless he moves in a hurry and prevents the steers from jamming around him.

To describe a stampede of wild steers is beyond my ability, I fear, because it is different from most anything else. If there are a thousand in a herd and lying down, and a rabbit should run into the sleeping herd, and a steer should get frightened and give a peculiar blow as he jumps up, it seems as though every one in the herd arises as he does; as he jumps, all seem to break at the same time, and the earth seems to tremble under them as they run, and fences of the stronger kind will not check them. If there is timber where they run, many beeves will get one, and some both of their horns knocked off, hips knocked down, backs broken, while some will be killed, and sometimes great damage is done by the stampeded herd. A gentleman who was helping to drive a herd to Shreveport told us of the owner's misfortune when he returned. He said, in Louisiana and near Shreveport they penned the herd at night; a very strong pen that was built for purpose of holding just such herds of wild steers. That night between midnight and daylight they made a break. The man on watch said he did not know what caused them to run, but the steers banked up against the fence like a snow drift, until the fence gave away under the pressure, and they went. They broke down a harness house that contained a fine buggy and a fine carriage; then up against some negro cabins with such force that they fell, and a family of negroes were killed, while a lot of steers were trampled to death; when day came and he had rounded up his herd, and the damage they had done was learned, what beeves he had left would not pay off his hands and pay for the buggy, carriage, the dead negroes and other damages on the farm. The owner sold the beeves and paid up as far as he was able, but quit the business, a broken merchant. If, when the steers are in a pen, they start to run, they will pile up against a fence until the last ones will run over the first ones, fence and all. If the fence does not break and they don't get out it would be a miracle if none are trampled to death. I have slept near a pen of wild cattle time and again, but I always felt better when I was near a good tree to climb, if they made a run, and if I had to be near a herd when they made their break I would rather be on a good horse and on the side from which they run, but you can never take your choice on such occasions, because you don't know when they will run, at what moment they will get frightened, and when they do, all one can do is to make the best of it he can. If you should be near once when a large herd of Texas steers stampede on a dark night, you will never want to have it repeated, if you are not injured any, for there are a number of unmarked graves in Texas which were made because the beeves stampeded and the riders were trampled to death.

While these large beeves would sell for only ten dollars per head, you could buy all the stock cattle you wanted for three dollars and fifty cents a head. The range was so fine and cattle increased so fast that many owned cattle who did not want to ride the range to hunt them up; they were so cheap that they would sell all but a few, which ran near home, and those who wanted to increase their stock of cattle could do so with a little money. Then, during the war, one could look out and see coming down the public road a herd of steers, two miles in length, seemingly, and when the riders would come up to our well for water, and someone would ask: "Where are you taking your beeves?" "They are for the soldiers." We did not can them up for the soldiers of the Confederacy, but make the steers furnish their own transportation, as Buffalo Bill made the buffaloes do when the captain told him to go out and kill some buffaloes for the soldiers. "All right," remarked Bill, "send the wagons on after me to haul in the meat." "I am not fool enough to order out the wagons until I know you have the meat." So Bill ran a herd of buffaloes into camp and shot them down, and the captain raved and raged on Bill. "Well," said Bill, "as you would not send the wagons to haul in the meat I had to make them furnish their own transportation." So thousands of the large steers, when I was a small boy, were driven by my father's to the camps of soldiers in other States. Such was the abundance of cattle on the fine range then that after five or ten thousand fat steers were taken off the range so many still remained that you could hardly miss those taken away.

In those early days the cow men took only a pack pony or little jack to carry the camp outfit along. A lot of bacon, bread and coffee and one blanket to the man. A tent was a thing never seen on the range in a cow camp in those days, but those were days when cowboys had plenty of hard work to do, but he fared as well always as the boss or owner of ten thousand heads.

Those were happy and prosperous days of the Texas cow man; there was plenty of room and grass in abundance for all who wanted to go into the stock business.

All stockmen were very friendly with each other. One said to me once: "Cattle were not worth stealing in those days." But things have changed most wonderfully since then, from way back in 1860 to 1880. Now, in 1907, this once open range is fenced on every side and farms and pastures abound, and all fences are made with barbed wire, and unless a man owns the land he must go out of the stock business. It is true that many stockmen have pastures leased, but this land the owner is liable to sell at any time, and then, perhaps, the cow man can not lease another pasture to put his stock in, and hence is forced to sell his stock, and all who are in the business today have all the stock cattle his pasture will carry, and he must sell to the butchers his cattle, hence every year now the number will decrease on the range and in pastures, because the land is reaching a price that a man can not afford to own for common Texas cattle only to graze upon, and this is growing more and more so every year in all parts of Texas. The days of the old-time cowboy have passed to never return, and the big cow ranches of Texas are being cut down from year to year, and the cow man of the future will keep his cattle in pastures near his house and will need only a few hands, a few days at a time, to assist in branding or preparing his cattle for market. The people in cities today are complaining about the high price of beefsteak, but if the great range is reduced thousands upon thousands of acres per annum, as it has been for the last ten years, for the next twenty or thirty years, we might ask the question: "Where are the cattle to come from to keep the big packing houses in Kansas City, Chicago and St. Louis running, and what prices will our grandchildren pay for a nice steak?" Today, as I mingle with and converse with the settlers of this section and other parts of Texas with which I am familiar and tell them of the big ranches that were here once and how we ran the large herds of cattle and horses over the range in those days, it seems they can hardly believe it, yet fifty years from now there will be still greater changes in the country and our grandchildren will read of the Texas cow ranches as we today read of Stanley in Africa. All they will know is what they have read, and then such books as mine will be read with zeal, and they will ask themselves the question: "Are these things true?"

CHAPTER IV.

I AM MADE BOSS OF THE ROUND-UP.

I rose from an underling in the drive to the boss of the round-up. In this chapter I will try to describe a little spring round-up which occurred way back in 1874. A gentleman who lived a few miles north of my home the year before had bought a lot of range horses, and he wanted his sons to go out with me and gather his stock in the spring. So the last days of March we set a day to start on our spring round-up. The day appointed, all who wanted to go were to be at my pen by one o'clock. By the hour set there were about six boys, near my age, ready to go, and soon we had our pack pony ready, and we started for our camping place, about ten miles away, which we reached about sundown. There was not a house south of father's, only in Hockley, until you reached the Brazos, almost thirty miles away. On our way out that evening the boys said: "If the boss was riding good horses it would be a respectful crowd." They made much fun of my horses, which had been used all winter, and many nights they had no stable, but were well fed, and I knew they were all right for the next day's run. It was true, their horses had fared better than mine.

They would tell me how they would run over those prairie ponies next day, and, in fact, the new hands had quite a lot of advice to give me about the next day's run, but all was pleasant. When we had our horses hobbled out, we soon had our coffee made and our meat broiled, and sat down to our supper of many good things to eat, our mothers and sisters had prepared for us. After supper was over we talked over our school days, for we had all been to the same school, and I related to them some of the incidents that had happened around our noted camping ground, Thompson's Island, a grove of timber in the prairie on a creek. Finally we retired for the night, but some of the boys said they could never go to sleep as long as the wolves kept howling so near. Some of them had read what a time Robinson Crusoe had with them long ago, and they seemed a little uneasy, but I went to sleep leaving some still talking. Sometime during the night some fuss near woke me, and rising and looking around, I saw one of the boys sitting by the fire. "What are you doing?" I asked. He replied: "I am studying astronomy; I can't sleep like you fellows on the hard ground on only two little blankets; and another thing, those wolves are all around our camp; some are near, while I hear others howl away off, and then they seem nearer next time." I told him where there was a good six-shooter that he could use if they came into camp, and turned over and went to sleep. The next morning he said to me: "When I get back home I can tell them I have been on one round-up, and will also tell them it will be my last one." I think he kept his word, as I never did hear of him being on the range again, and today this friend of mine is an honored citizen of the city of Houston. And I will here state that I have known quite a number who were anxious to become cowboys, and when they went on one round-up of ten or fifteen days duration, they had all they wanted and they could not be hired to go again, while I have seen some quit and turn back the first day, and also a few who gave it up before dinner, but they found a cause. These came to the ranch stating they wanted to work on the prairies and follow it for their living, and bragged how they could ride the worst horses that needed riding, etc. Now, we old hands knew what horses would buck in dead earnest, and we were glad to have those who loved and could ride them in the crowd. The boss told them plainly he did not want them unless they were good riders. "I can ride any horse you have," was the reply. The boss would order one of us to catch "Limber Jim" or "Slickheels" for him, and the new man was pitched off faster than he could get on, and after several falls ask the boss if he could not let him have a gentler horse for the first days. "No," said the boss, "I told you I did not want you unless you were a good rider, and now I know you are not, and I don't want you at any price."

Returning now to our spring round-up; we had our breakfast about daylight and the horses were near by, and were soon saddled and ready for the day's ride, but about this time a very heavy fog settled over the surrounding country, so we could not see a half of a mile. So all we could do was to wait until the fog lifted so we could see the horses we wished to drive in. By nine o'clock the sun came out and all was lovely. The creek where we camped and wanted to cross was swimming, and we went up the creek about two miles, and here we tied our pack horse and all our extra horses, and swam the creek and rode south about eight miles, leaving a man every mile as we rode out, this forming a line of riders across the prairie. I told each one when I left him: "Don't let the horses pass east of our line, but turn all back west, and should any go across the creek don't follow them; we will get them this evening as we drive home." I went farthest out and was to swing around to the west and round in towards the others all the horses possible, but when I did start at half speed on my trained horse, which the boys made fun of the evening before, things were soon very lively, indeed. My horse pulled on the bits and went around several hundred, like a race horse on the track, and the wild horses were running as far as you could see and in every direction. I had kept one of the boys near enough to me that I could wave him what to do. The first man next to the creek followed the first herd that came along across the creek, and then five miles down the creek, but returned to the pack horses without any wild horses. That man said, when he jumped his horse into the creek, he swam across, but could not get out until he swam fifty yards down the creek, and by this delay the wild horses were so far ahead of him that he never could turn them back.

The third man also forgot, and crossed the creek, but as he did not see where the horses got out of the water and he saw how long the first man was in the creek, so he rounded up a bunch of cattle that was near and ran them into the creek and watched them get out before he would ride into the raging creek. So by the time he crossed the horses were so far away he could never head them, and after running them for seven or eight miles, stopped and returned to where our pack horse was tied. The three other boys had run off after horses that went east of the line, and were not in sight either, as I turned several hundred down the creek, where I looked, to see all the boys closing in around them, so we unitedly would bring them to a halt, but, to my surprise, not one could be seen, so I waved to the one I had kept near me to go around on the other side of all the horses we had running down the creek at full speed, and soon he and I had about two hundred stopped. He yelled to me across the herd where we had stopped: "What has become of the other boys?" "You heard me giving them instructions what to do; you can tell just as well as I can where they are," was my reply. Here we (two only) were on an almost level prairie country with just a little timber on the creek, and five of the crowd out of sight of the place where we were to have stopped the running wild horses. Our horses needed a rest, and we kept riding around the herd slowly so we would keep on opposite sides from each other. The horses were quiet and I thought I could keep them together. I requested the one with me to gallop back five or six miles and see if he could see any of the boys. I wondered to myself where they could be; could they be drowned in some sloughs or the creek? I became uneasy about them. At last the one I had sent to see if he could find them returned and said he could not see them. "We will remain and see what will happen in the next two hours," I said. So after waiting about an hour longer they began to come in, but only one of the boys brought a bunch with him. We soon crossed the creek to where our extra horses were and, it being after one o'clock, we all felt like "eating something up." as the cowboys express it. It did not take us long to eat our dinner and change to fresh horses, but during this time each of the runaway boys had related all his hardships and mishaps of the morning. The first man to cross had run a bunch five miles, while the distance between him and the horses increased all the time, said that it was a bunch of race horses that had got out on the prairie which he went after, while the others made similar statements. They said I never told them not to cross the creek, but I proved by the others that those were my orders, but, as I listened to them tell of their trials, I never laughed more in one day in my life than I did that evening. As soon as we had our saddles on fresh horses I gave orders to move the herd slowly and for one or two to run, as occasion demanded, and aid me in turning the horses. I would be after into the herd we now had. I could only get about three of the new hands to leave the herd that evening to run around and put a bunch into the herd, that we could see two or three miles away; so it made, that evening, work very hard on my horses, but I had a lot of fresh saddle horses in the morning's drive, so when one became tired, I would ride into the herd and rope another, and I changed onto about five good horses. We reached my pen near sundown with about seven hundred head of horses, which ended in a good little round-up, if the boys did play "smash" in the morning.

Hunting wild cattle in the river bottom: Some cattle would go to the timber on the river in the winter and remain there and get very wild. We could not drive them or, at least, we often failed, and among them were beeves with horns over four feet wide, while the steers would weigh over a thousand pounds. All just as wild as deer, they would come out into the glades and sometimes on the edge of the main prairie at certain times of the day, and we must learn when was the best time to catch them in these favored spots. A time was set to make a raid on them, with each man on his best horse, equipped with a good saddle and strong rope. We would slip between them and the heavy timber, and, when near them, we would raise

BRANDING CATTLE ON OPEN RANGE WHERE THERE IS NO PEN

a yell and whoop and in a breast would make for them, and sometimes we could frighten them so we could run them out on the prairie and keep them running until they were somewhat easy to control, but this was not always the case by no means, for when they would hear us, instead of fleeing from us and running for the prairie, they would make right for the bottom and run through the crowd. In this case each man was ordered to down with his rope and tie onto any they wanted. Then look out; if you roped one of those large beeves you must know your business or you would get hurt. You were liable to be jerked against a tree or your horse jerked down on you, or as soon as the steers realized they were roped they would raise those large horns and make for you. They might hook you off your horse, or rip your horse open under you with those long keen horns, or jerk your saddle off. I have had my horse jerked down, also my horse disabled under me, and once, in this business, was jerked off with the rope, and the cow fighting tied to my horse, and I was off out of her reach, because my horse would hold her, but I dared not go to my horse, because she could run up and hook me if she could not run away; so I had to wait my time, and when in her surging, she was jerked down and my trained horse pulling her hard, I ran and mounted again. It was a very common thing to have someone laid up a few days when he made such a raid, or some horse killed or crippled. Yet cow driving is only play, say some people. Well, you can tell them, they are talking about a business they know nothing about. It is true that cow driving is a tame affair now, indeed, to what it was way back in the early 70's, because the major portion of stock today are kept in pastures and never get so wild.

CHAPTER V.

A TEXAS ROUND-UP.

So often have I tried to relate, by request of ladies and gentlemen in the older States, the incidents and occurrences of the round-up, that I will here try to describe one or more, as best I can, as it was when I was a boy and no wire fences, when pens were few and the lasso was kept busy.

The time, say April 1, 1872. A few days prior to this the cattle men had been getting their saddle ponies ready and word was sent to all our crowd, those who drive together, and we had set the day to drive, and the night before all were to meet and camp at a certain place. At this place little crowds of men and boys began to arrive, from 3 p. m., and they continued to come until dark, and some even later. The first night on the drive there was not much sleeping. After the ponies were "staked out," some being hobbled, and supper was over, the oldest men commenced to relate one incident after another of things that happened last year and years and years before on the round-ups. Some will tell how they killed a bear and her cubs, while another will tell how turkeys were killed, still another how his crowd killed a buffalo, and things of this kind and nature until the "tenderfoot" or younger boys of the crowd would have a history of the range over which they were to drive and also a history of many parts of the State. The exploits of her noble soldiers and her great leaders—Austin, Houston, Crockett and a host of other noble men and heroic women—are talked of until the uneducated, if they would only listen, would soon have a history of Texas from the time of the bold pirate, LaFitte, to our first congress, which met at old Washington on the Brazos, six miles west of Navasota. But amidst this conversation, in which most of the crowd have taken part as listeners and to ask questions, some have drawn a deck of cards, and some engage in playing for the treats or the mavericks, or the twenty-dollar gold pieces, and all who partake in such are asked to take a hand, as this is the first night out on the range away from the ranches and homes. Some men had brought with them a bottle of the red man's "firewater," which was passed to all who would take a drink, and the majority of the crowd would take more or less of the beverage, but sometimes there was no whiskey in the crowd and there were those in most crowds who would not take a drink, but after the days of yore were reviewed and comrades who had passed away were mentioned and the boys were tired of the little games of cards, one by one retired to sleep, while the new man or "tenderfoot" in this business lay awake to hear the wolves howl and think of the girl he left behind or think of the dear aged mother and loved ones far away, perhaps in other States, who never saw such wild scenes as rolled out in such profusion on every side, and his mind even ran back to some sermon he had heard a preacher preach, and he became somewhat uneasy about his future state, and he is afraid that the Bible was true and infidels are wrong, and he is almost frightened out of his wits as a large wolf growls near his pallet, as a trained hand raises his pistol and sends a ball through the wolf, which arouses every one in camp. This occurrence has caused the horses to run and snort and, unless they are tied with good ropes, made secure to some bush or tree, are loose and gone towards home at the rate of forty miles an hour, while the hobbled horses are neighing and running in every direction. About this time some fellow who was so near dead as not to be awakened until at this stage of the excitement, arises, and in a half dazed way exclaims: "What is the matter?" When many turn and laugh at him, while some would say: "Why, if the world would take fire and burn up you would not wake up in time to get a handful of ashes before they would all blow away." Some will go out to see if their horses are still tied, while someone would be heard to say: "I know I will have mine's head if his body did run off;" meaning his horse was tied with a rope he could not break. Quietude is finally restored and soon all were asleep again. At dawn of day all are called, strong coffee is soon made, a light breakfast is eaten, the horses are saddled, the boss says: "Boys, we must get a move on us, because we have much hard work to do today." The grub and blankets are soon tied onto the pack horse, the start is delayed because some horses can't be found, but at last the run-aways are brought in, or they are given up, and we mount. In this crowd of twenty or thirty riders there are numbers of ponies that will see if their riders can ride a bucking pony or not and they just throw their heads between their forelegs and the way they will pitch will interest the rider, if no one else. You may see the rider's hat fly off, his knife and cards out of his pockets, and, if he had false teeth, they might be out of his mouth when this good, gentle cow pony quit showing off. Now, when about ten ponies at the same time try the skill of their riders, it will hold the attention of the crowd just as a clown in one of P. T. Barnum's shows used

CATCHING THE RUNAWAY

The picture on opposite page represents a scene which often occurs on the "round-up." A rider has mounted a horse he could not remain upon while the good pony took a little Spanish exercise that caused his rider to hit the ground, and now he is fleeing to his old range, while another rider on his trained horse goes up by his side to throw the lasso on his neck and carry him back so the poor frightened pony will not run himself to death, or by his long run hurt himself so he will be permanently injured.

The preacher tries to throw the gospel net (Matt. 13:47-48) around the runaways to save them from destruction and bring them back to paths of light and joy, where they will find to their troubled souls new pastures of endless happiness.

While Dr. Chas. L. Gregory in his book, "Alcohol and Insanity," shows all who read "If you will run off in the alcohol road and not listen to the ministers, you must meet sure destruction in this life and entail untold suffering upon your own children, increase the taxes of the state, and add new streams of poison blood to the nation."

While the rider may not be seriously hurt when he left his pony on account of striking the ground in a way he did not want to, and be laid up for days, or he may not be hurt but very little in such case, the boys will want to know what was the trouble with his saddle that he did not remain on it while his pony was taking a little morning exercise, for even fine doctors want their patients when able to take a little exercise in the morning, and the poor rider will be forced to say, "My pony did not take moderate exercise, but it was that kind which tends to destroy a man's equilibrium, shatter his nerves and cause his heart to beat unusually fast."

The man on his trained horse with lasso in hand shouted as he starts after the runaway, "Oh, you! I am coming after you; you think you can run but Dewey was never known to let a horse outrun him and we are coming." So the preacher cries, "Man! Come back!" but often in vain, but sorrow will overtake you in the close of the race at the end of life. Turn while you can. Listen while you have a chance, and heed!

to do. Finally this little sport on the part of the good ponies, which are true to their training, raise their heads as if to say: "You are all right; I can afford to carry you by the side of the wild cattle today."

Before us can be seen thousands of wild cattle, horses and deer. All of these begin to move with more or less speed, just as they conclude best. A few hands are left to bring the extra saddle horses, while the rest of the crowd are divided into two equal parts, one man to lead on either side, and soon each man is trying the speed of his horse, and a few hours later will try his bottom, and from two to five miles from where we started the riders, who have been keeping even with each other, will begin to close in around hundreds of wild cattle. Now, as we close in, the deer, which have been running first one way and then another, will break through the line of riders and they run so close to some of the boys that one may jerk his pistol and break the neck of a deer or shoot him through the heart; and, in this case, we will feast on venison that night instead of veal. The horses are blowing, some of them have bloody mouths, while others have bloody sides, caused by the spurs, because they were a little unruly. The cattle are all branded. These brands are certain letters and marks put on cattle and horses with red-hot irons. Each man takes his place around this restless fighting herd, while one or two men ride in and go to cutting out the cattle wanted. This is simple; when the man who is doing the cutting sees a cow or steer that is wanted, he runs the cow or steer out to one side, and in this way another herd is started and grows rapidly while the first decreased at the same time. This exercise continues until all the cattle in the first herd are "cut" into the second herd that belongs to the men in this particular crowd. Sometimes, to hold this first herd, it takes all the skill of the experienced cowman, and there is not an easy place on man or his horse. Finally all the cattle wanted are cut into the second herd, which may number two hundred or five hundred head. The saddle ponies are now put with this herd, and if any horse has been crippled in this first run a fresh horse is caught, and perhaps some pony has been run until his strength has failed, as we call it "give out," his rider also must have a new horse. The horses are driven close together and one or more take down their ropes and throw them onto the pony or ponies wanted, and soon all are caught that is needed, and we have another young circus of bucking ponies with good riders in the saddles; for if one is thrown off, all hands and the cook will laugh at him, and he soon learns to stick just as fast as the hide on the horse on which he is riding. This first herd is now turned loose and started back the way we had come, so we would not be troubled with them any more that day.

A consultation is now held, with several hands left to bring on the herd, while the main crowd divides, and another run is made, and this time we will close in around another herd several miles from where we stopped the first one, and the same process of cutting out is repeated, and the cattle we do not want are turned back; and now it is dinner time. We catch our pack horse and take off his burden, and if we can find some brush or anything to make a fire with, we soon have coffee made and our meat broiled. Some will eat while others will herd the cattle and ponies. Dinner being over, all must have fresh horses. Soon we would have another circus of bucking ponies, like Buffalo Bill has been running in Europe and America and charging from fifty cents to one dollar to see; we could watch until we were tired of taking part in this exercise, but as empires rise and fall and our feelings rise under happy surroundings and sink under adverse circumstances, so he who would be a real Texas cowboy in the sixties and seventies must take his seat on the back of one of those ponies which would test his ability as a rider. Now, one of two things must be done; we must make our way to some pen or herd our cattle all night. One man is now appointed boss of the herd with orders to drive to a certain pen. One run after another is made and herd after herd is rounded up and our cattle cut out until late in the evening, when all join in to rush our own herd to the pen, but, to our dismay, when we reach the pen another crowd is ahead of us, and we are compelled to herd our cattle all night. Sometimes we would choose up to see who would herd the first part of the night. We strike camp near, some ponies are staked out, while the rest are hobbled. Supper being over, we are soon asleep except those who are to herd the first part of the night, and when the time comes to change and another crowd takes the place of those who had watched the first part of the night nearly all in camp are woke up in trying to awaken the right ones. The next day the same exercises are repeated and our herd grows according to our success in finding our cattle, but the next night we get a pen and all hands can now sleep.

After being out a week or ten days our herd had grown until it was large and unwieldy. Our horses had about quit bucking; we have had to rope and drag into the herd some wild cattle, while others we had to rope and drag into the pens at night. If you had been out with us ten or fifteen days, you would see the necessity of having heavy, well-rigged saddles, for which Texas is noted. After being out fifteen or twenty days we return to our homes and ranches to brand up what calves we had and ship some steers to market. In branding the calves we are in danger every hour of being hooked or run over by some wild cow, and any man will get a move on himself when he sees one of these wild fighting cows coming full speed towards him.

When we had no pen and wished to brand the calves, the cattle were rounded up in a close herd near where the fire was made and the men and boys would ride into the herd, rope and drag out the calves, when others stood with sharp knives and hot irons, ready to mark and brand them, and the ponies soon learn just what to do when you throw your rope on a calf; he will at once turn and run up to where they are branding, dragging the calf. Sometimes the cattle are so wild and fight so much that the calves are roped on horseback in the pens.

If there were ten or fifteen men in the crowd we would kill a nice veal each day, one quarter of which we would give to the man where we had penned our cattle. These round-ups would vary in length of time we were out and the kind of territory we had to work. Sometimes the drives were made up of a number of men who owned cattle on the range, while men, who owned thousands, hired all the men in the crowd, and they were to gather only his cattle; but those days are gone to never return, and now cattle are in pastures or confined to small ranges and the longhorned Texas cow will pass away just as sure as the buffalo has departed. On many of the big ranches, Captain King's, near Corpus Christi, and Captain Kennedy's, the hands went out on the round-ups in April and never quit until December 20.

CHAPTER VI.

INCIDENTS OF THE ROUND-UPS.

The narrow escapes and the dangers by which the cowboy is surrounded are many, and it requires that he ever keeps in full play watchfulness and care as well as decision and quick action.

So many have painted in their minds the pleasure of riding fast fat ponies and the joys of accompanying the sport (work) that when they take hold they find it like the lesson in one of our school readers concerning Mr. Toil and his several brothers.

One hot day in June when we had made a good drive and had quite a herd the boss decided we would brand up what calves we had and turn this herd loose.

Everything was ready and many irons were soon in a big fire, and about six of us boys were selected to do the roping, while others were to put on their brands, while one was to keep up a big fire, and others were to keep that part of the herd that the roping pen would not hold. The dust was thick and all the boys were soon hot and perspiration flowing, and the cattle commenced fighting us badly; the boss said: "Don't you get on the fence, but just jump to one side when an old cow runs at you, and as she runs past you knock her down with your rope." One or two men had clubs with which to knock down any cow that should run up where they were throwing the calves and branding, but one who must rope could not be cumbered with these clubs. It is true, several cows were knocked down, but when they would rise and run around a little they seemed to be worse than ever. One of the boys (about 20 years old) had a stiff knee and was not so active on this account, and when one of these enraged cows would make at him, instead of obeying orders and jump to one side, he would jump on the fence. This he did for about three times, when the boss reprimanded him every time for not standing his ground. The third time, I think, he jumped on the fence, the boss became enraged at his actions and cursed and otherwise abused him and said: "Charley, I am paying you to work for me, and now I want you to keep off that fence or you can now quit work for me and I will hire a hand who will do his part without flinching or running." Charley turned to the boss with tears in his eyes and said: "Mr. R., you know I am crippled and not as good as some of the boys, but I am compelled to work hard to earn a support for mother and little sisters. Now, Mr. R., instead of discharging me, please let me go yonder and herd the cattle and let one of the boys come in my place. If you turn me off I can not now get work." There was so much pathos in his words that the boss at once said: "Charley, I know you are always steady and do the best you can; ride out there quick and tell ——— to come here." I have often thought of Charley and his stiff knee; it has caused me to cheer up often in life. This is a parallel case with young D. L. Moody when he was told by his pastor: "You are ignorant and unlearned and you are in the way of our meetings." Whereupon Moody said: "I must talk and tell someone of Jesus," and again when he (Moody) asked the privilege to teach a class in the Chicago Sunday school, "You can teach a class if you will bring the children in here." This he did by hunting up children and getting them to come, and his class increased until his part of the house would not hold them, and he had to go and rent a house for his class. The reading world knows the rest concerning this man who must work.

One night when we were in camp at Roberts' ranch, in Harris County, we killed a nice calf and hung up that which we did not then use, and while all were sound asleep the wolves came and secured the major portion of that we had hung up. Next morning a consultation was held as to how the meat was taken, and soon reached the conclusion that dogs or wolves had taken it. "If dogs, they won't come back again, but if wolves, they will come again tonight," said one; but this matter was soon forgotten when the more important duties of the day confronted us. But when we returned at night, wearied with the labors of the day, and we were staking out our horses or hobbling them, the cry of "wolf" was raised in camp, and someone said: "Kill him, kill him, help!" All eyes were turned to those who had shouted, "Wolf, kill him," and soon a very large wolf was dead and his scalp off.

Mr. John Mooney, who is still living and in fine health now, was leading his horse to grass; he looked up the trail and saw a large wolf coming; not having a pistol or club, he did not know what to do, for he knew if the wolf saw him he would run. Looking about him, he saw a large myrtle root which he quickly grabbed and took his stand by the trail to see if Mr. Wolf would come near enough for him to knock him down, and sure enough, the wolf was soon rolling over the embankment of the gulley near, and before the wolf could recover from the blow one of the crowd had him by the tail while others ran up to assist, and in the scuffle one happened to run up with a bone and knocked him in the head. Someone said the wolf was sick or we never would have had this opportunity of killing him in this way, but a larger or a healthier wolf I never saw, but, pressed by hunger, he was scenting the fresh beef and was coming with his nose to the ground and not looking for such treatment.

Another day, when we had made a round-up near Cane Island, twenty-eight miles from Houston on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway, one of the boys, Robert Day, roped a large deer. The deer would run to the end of the rope and be jerked down; he would rise and make straight for Day and jump over the horse, either in front or just behind the rider, and in this way Day was soon wound up in the rope, and he commenced to yell for help. A number of us ran to his assistance, but as Day, the deer and the horse were so excited, we could hardly do anything for laughing. When Day saw us all laughing he cried out: "For God's sake, help me to get loose or let this deer loose!" Our ropes were soon in the air and Mr. Deer not only had one but three ropes on him and tied to as many trained cow ponies; and he could be held off and away from either horse, stretched as he was. We soon ended his life and all feasted on venison that day instead of veal, and Day said he would never again throw his rope on a big buck.

One lovely morning in May, in 1873, we were cutting out horses in Mr. Warren's pen, at Hockley, and from some cause I was laughed at by several in the crowd, perhaps for being a little venturesome or a little premature in my decisions in a case in dispute, but be this as it may, my friend said in a joke: "I wish a horse would run over you; you are so reckless." Some of them, I thought were playing off. Sure enough, several had barely escaped being run over, but here came a wild horse at his highest speed and several were shouting: "Stop him, head him, knock him down!" I tried to do one or both when he struck me full drive and sent me into the fence ten or twelve feet away with such force that if my head had struck a rail center I would have never known what struck me, but as fate, destiny or Providence would have it, my head went between two rails and my feet were thrown over the sides of this strong rail fence, and all who saw me thought my neck was broken, sure. But they all ran to release me, and when placed upon the ground they said: "Stand up." This I would not do, and while I am today writing about this matter it is just as fresh on memory's page as if it just happened yesterday, though it occurred thirty-three years ago. Oh! histories of ages past and memory; oh! wonderful faculty which enable us to view and see the world progress and live in all ages of the world, so to speak, and call up all the sorrows, mistakes and blunders of the past in life, as well as sweet hours and the presence and company of dear ones who are now no more beneath the sun.

When I would open my eyes there seemed to be a smoke so dense I could not see fifty steps away. One of the hands I had hired ran up to me and said in an excited manner, "Mr. Anderson, do you want me to run after your father and mother?" This caused me to realize that, although I was hurt seriously, I read consternation and fear in the faces of my comrades. With friends on either side I was assisted and enabled to walk to the gate, and just outside other kind hands had made a pallet with all the blankets, while others stood ready to offer whiskey, which I would not drink, but I was partly bathed in brandy, and soon lay quiet on the pallet while my mind wandered on amidst lovely scenes that my tongue or pen can not describe. By three o'clock I was able to walk a little, and by five in the evening was able to ride home, and with the assistance of two hands drive about four hundred head of horses. I was afraid of all horses that day, and to see a wild horse coming toward me, I was ready to run.

Several parties were at my pen, ready to get their horses I had gathered.

About dark I reached the house, nearer dead than alive, but one of the hands had run down to the house ahead of me and told dear mother of my close call for life in the morning, and as I reached the gate mother, dear mother, with tear-stained cheeks, met me and threw her arms around me. "I am so thankful you are still alive. Oh! dear boy, I am afraid you will yet be brought home to me dead. Oh! God, bless and keep my reckless boy!"

Here let me digress long enough to state that the earnest prayers of a mother are treasured by our Father, and God answers the prayers and saves the children in heaven, though mother may die before they are saved.

Supper was soon ready and I drank freely of strong coffee, and after bathing my bruised and aching head, I reached my bed to remain there for several days, the major part of which I was semi-conscious of what transpired, but daily a loving, lovable and precious mother and a kind, true father took my case to a throne of mercy in prayer.

While speaking of my own unworthy self and the exploits on the prairies, I here state that I was a reck-

A Rope Corral
Cowboys changing [illegible]

A Cowpuncher

Chuck

A Round Up

Branding on the Plains

Cowboys' Delight

SCENES INCIDENT TO A TEXAS ROUND UP

less rider and was never pitched out of the saddle by a wild horse or mule. I have had horses to run under limbs and was jerked off, and they would lay down and wallow me off, but never pitched me off, and several times have had large crowds of ladies and girls gathered to see me ride when I was going to ride a noted bad horse. On the average horse I could light a cigar and smoke while he was pitching, and several times a pony purse was made up to just get me to ride a bad horse to amuse the crowd, and sometimes I must ride without hackamore, bridle or saddle, with only a rope around his body, and the horse turned loose on the prairie. And one day, when we had penned at Mr. Wm. Hoppe's, as we had gathered all his horses, and having plenty of mustang wine, he brought down to the pen in buckets, and said: "Boys, drink; I have five barrels." I did drink several drinks of this wine, and I, with an assistant, was appointed gatekeepers, and every few minutes I would rope a horse as they were run out and throw them broadside, and as they would rise, I would leap onto their backs and clutch them with my feet and lock my hands in their mane, and now we would take a ride without rope, bridle or saddle, but all now who read these lines know that I was not acting with any reason, that this was mere recklessness. I rode in this way six or eight, ten or fifteen minutes each, then would watch my chance and jump off. The boys said the wine helped me to ride so reckless, but if anything, the wine helped to make me more reckless than I was otherwise, and I hope no boy who reads these lines will ever be such a reckless rider, and trust that you will never touch wine. It will lead to stronger drink, and when that habit is formed it is like taking out the eyeteeth to quit the awful thing.

One day, in 1874, when a number of us were cow hunting near the Live Oaks, a part of the crowd, after we divided, went up by McKinney Island, near where the town of Waller now stands, and near the railroad, a large bear was discovered. It was very hot and there was no water on the range, and this bear, it is supposed, in crossing the prairie to or from the timber on the Brazos scented the water in the railroad tank, and was there to get water. When the boys saw this bear they longed for a Winchester, but nothing of the kind was in the crowd. The horses were excited, and after running the bear around and around, it took shelter by crawling under a small vacant house which stood a few hundred yards north of the water tank of the railroad company, and with a small pistol and a large club this bear was killed by raising part of the floor.

Often on these round-ups, when in bottoms or amid the brakes or in the mesquite ranges, men will get off from the crowd in a long chase after horses and will get lost, and though he may run the horses down, night comes on and he must let them go and try to find camp, or he may get ten or fifteen miles away, and his faithful pony give out, and he is bound to walk back and lead his horse, or leave his horse and carry his saddle, or just camp there until his horse rests so he can make it into camp. Sometimes, when one is lost off from camp at night, we would set the grass on fire so the missing one could see the way to camp, and on one occasion I remember that runners were sent out to find one of our party who we were afraid his horse had fallen on him and he was crippled; the orders were to fire off our pistols and yell once and awhile as we rode out in opposite directions, and if he was found, we were to fire twice in succession with only one minute between the shots. But often has the lone cowboy slept by himself by the side of his tired horse with a wet saddle blanket or the bare ground for his bed and his saddle for a pillow, without water to drink or a bite to eat until noon next day, before he struck refreshments, unless he could kill a jack rabbit or a prairie chicken to satisfy his hunger; the cowboy is just like the college girl in this respect, always ready to eat unless at work or study or entertaining company, but when the poor lost or belated cowboy reaches camp under such circumstances he can eat in a way that makes one rejoice to see the joy it affords him, and hear him tell his lonely tale of woe and besetments and how the wolves kept him awake.

Another circumstance which will go to illustrate the cowboy's calamities. One day I was boss of the herd and we were driving nearly a thousand head of cattle and horses from Cane Island, and wanted to reach the old Smokey Henderson's ranch that night, when near Live Oaks it began to rain, and we began to untie our slickers, and there were only three of us around the herd at that time; two of the boys' horses jerked loose from them, and I ran up to head them out of the wild horses and keep them away from the loose horses, and one of these ponies stopped as though he would not move for a dollar, and I dismounted to catch him, whereupon my horse became frightened at the yellow slicker, and jerked me down. The other pony ran away and there we were, all afoot and the horses with their saddles on running through the herd and causing

THE BOSS GIVING ORDERS WHERE TO TAKE THE HERD AND WHERE NEXT ROUND UP WILL BE MADE

cattle and horses to go in every direction, but this was no time to stand, but a time for immediate action. Some of the gentler horses which had hobbles around their necks were soon surrounded, but ere this our slickers had been laid in the grass, and the rain coming down like a baby cyclone was near, but we soon mounted the horses with a hobble for a bridle and soon caught our horses which had the saddles on and collected our then scattered herd, but had to move with a double shuffle, with two miles covered with our herd, but we finally had all in shape again and the boys remarked: "Well, didn't we have fun while it lasted?"

Another day, when we were resting at the large tank near Brookshire Point, a new hand on the range let his horse loose, and as he could not catch him he called upon the crowd to help him, and as the horse was running away, Jim Hargraves and Ben, his twin brother, were the first to bring their ropes to bear upon the fleeing horse, and instead of catching the horse by the neck, they roped the saddle by the horn, and when they let their trained ponies know that the rope was made fast to the horse the ponies planted their feet to meet the coming jerk or surge, and as the saddle was trong they jerked the run-away down upon his side nd wheeled and put spurs to their trained ponies, which just drew the horse back to the owner on his side. The new man ran to meet them, but when he reached them the major portion of the hair was rubbed off by the drag. The new man was hot, but the boys said: "Don't send us after your horse any more unless you want us to train him to stand; we will let him know we are real cowboys and also have ropes which we use in case of such cranky horses as yours, and we can also tend to his owner if he don't like it." There the matter was dropped and all was cheerful and friendly, and the new man found it was to his interest to swing with the crowd and take his part of misfortunes without murmuring, and, reader, we must not be angry with everything we don't like, for there were things that Napoleon could not help and a battlefield on which the other man wore the crown of victory.

CHAPTER VII.

COMMENCING THE WORK OF MY LIFE.

Many a time while amidst wicked and gay crowds have I been so miserable I could hardly live, and feeling, unless I preached, my life would be a failure. I read infidel works and books written against the Bible and religion to ease my conscience, yet at this I made a failure, but the more I read it proved that the Bible was from God and its truths would stand the wreck of worlds and rise above the crush of all things beneath the sun. Fate, surroundings and circumstances seemed to frown upon me from every side, and a more miserable mortal never lived than I was while living in open rebellion to my known duties as a Christian.

To preach I was too ignorant, besides I had so many faults and imperfections, but the impressions I tried to drive away by doing things I knew to be wrong; though I was a member of the church, I was just like many I have seen since. I did not read my Bible with an obedient heart as I should have done. The preachers who preached in the vicinity did not seem to believe what they preached to others, and nothing but solid food would do any good in those days. I would read my Bible, weep and pray. I think my father realized my feelings, because several preachers talked to me about preaching and tried to show me the joys and even the honors that clung around the ministerial office, but all these were chaff, indeed, to me. I knew, unless God made the preacher, unless he had a special calling to the work of the ministry, he would be a failure, it would make no difference how much learning and knowledge he possessed. I read Bunyan's complete works and the history of the Reformation, and saw how one real earnest Christian and God-called man battled down the decrees of the pope, which aided me in reference to a special call to the work. A cold, formal ministry has always been a hindrance to the spread of the gospel; it drives men away from the church and hinders other Christian work in the vicinity of a church in the pulpit of which stands a cold, formal preacher.

I at last yielded to what I felt to be my duty, and while I stood among the best in our country schools, I sold all my stock and soon entered Baylor University, which was then located at Independence, in Washington County, and Dr. W. C. Crane, D. D., LL. D., was the honored president. I thought I knew a great deal when I entered the university, but after I had been there one year, I decided I knew hardly nothing. In

February, 1879, I preached my first sermon at Wellborn, in Brazos County, and the church called me that day to serve them as pastor, and in a short time I was called to other churches, which caused me to preach every Sunday.

While at the university, I was called Dr. Crane's private secretary. I know I was selected to go to different parts of the State on special business and called on by him to attend to important business around the town.

The young ladies of Baylor College appointed me chief marshal of their day each commencement, which I considered the highest honor that has ever been bestowed upon me from a worldly standpoint, to be selected for three years in succession out of two hundred young men. On the 22d of February each year we had some kind of a celebration, also on the 21st of April we all had a big picnic, and again I was called on to get wagons and hacks to carry the young ladies of the college to the picnic grounds, but none of us were allowed to take just one young lady of the school in a buggy. On one or two occasions while there, all the boarders were allowed to take a horseback ride, and I went with them to see that no one was hurt. On these occasions I rode a very fine horse of fine speed and good metal. The owner was afraid of him. I could ride him when it suited me, because I could handle him. I will, until the last hours of my life, be proud of the friendship of those young ladies.

I was never considered extra bright in college, but stood fair, and, I think, I would have been better in all studies if I had not had to preach every Sunday.

I seldom had time to take any part in the plays and games on the campus, yet the young men of the university treated me well and better than they did most of the young preachers in the university.

One young minister would play pranks and tricks on the boys, and would on holidays and times of celebrating slip around and ring the college or church bell, until everyone but himself would become disgusted. He was then unpopular and has never done much as a preacher.

While at school there was a circumstance that happened that caused the ladies to talk about me, and some talk among the boys, that I neither cared for either way. I had done only my duty. A dear young lady who had neither father nor brother was there to obtain an education, and boarded not very far from our boarding-house. One Saturday she and the lady with whom she was boarding prepared to make a visit in the country. The carriage was ready at the gate and the young lady wished an article from the store; the other lady said: "Miss ———, you jump in the carriage and Tom (negro) will drive you to the store, and you can do that while I am getting ready." The young lady stepped into the carriage and was quickly driven to the store, only a quarter of a mile, but a lot of boys from our boardinghouse and several others from different parts of the town, and like a set of loafers generally are ready to express their opinions freely and talk knowingly, and one remark after another was made by this crowd of loafers; some of these remarks were repeated over the town, and some girls, somehow, heard of the remarks the boys made, and went and told this young Christian lady what the "boys said," and, no doubt, much was added. This is generally the case. The young lady went to her room that evening crushed in spirit, and spent the most of the night weeping, though she had done nothing more than a thousand good girls have done. She wept so much that night she was almost sick next morning. The news spread over the town and some men talked of calling in play firearms or a club on the foul-mouth beings who had said "so and so," and some of the boys did not know what was best for them to do. The young lady spent Sunday in her room instead of going to her Sunday school class or attending church. When I reached home from my appointment that night one of the young ministers called me to one side and related to me the talk that had run over the town, but who started it no one knew, and how Miss ——— was weeping over it. I said: "Why did you not go and see her and tell her you would take her part and would whip the low foul-mouthed man or anyone who had another word to say?" He said: "I did not know what to do or say. I was afraid I would make matters worse." I said to him: "I will at once go and see her and have her to go with me to church tonight." I soon knocked on the door and being invited in, I call for Miss ———. "She does not want to see anyone." "Tell her I must see her and will not leave until I do." I had several times had the pleasure of calling on her and escorting her to church. She refused to come into the parlor at first, but I said I would not leave until she came. The lady with whom she boarded and her husband became my assistants just then, and Miss ——— was soon in the parlor. I said to her: "I have come to have you go to church with me." She said: "Oh! Mr. Anderson, I can not." "You must, and if you are not ready, get ready quick." After talking with her five minutes more she decided to go. The tear-stained face was soon bathed, and when she again entered the parlor I thought Cleopatra never looked more charming when she captivated Mark Antony, and her smiles made me happy as I looked into that sweet face. She said, when near the church: "We will take a seat in the rear of the church." "No, we will not," said I, "when we enter the church house will be full, as we are late, and we will walk to the front seat." "Oh, Mr. Anderson, don't do that." I replied, "We will." I felt truly proud as I walked up the aisle with that beautiful young lady by my side, and I felt like weeping for joy as an earnest prayer arose from true men and pure women in that vast audience: "God bless Anderson; he will die in the defense of the right." I felt like I could conquer any man who had another word to say against her. As we returned home I don't think a happier lady ever walked by my side. The next day I secured some notes and sweet bouquets, the fragrance of which has had a tendency to sweeten my whole life and cheer me amidst gloom and sorrow. I now have four precious daughters, and my prayer is that they will ever be blessed by the Great God and shielded from harm, and meet men who love the pure in life and not only them, but the thousands of pure girls in Texas. While it was only a small part I played in that drama it was impressed deeply upon my mind; try to be a blessing to others and their joy will add to your happiness, and the smiles of others will fall upon you as the years roll on, but all acts of duty we ought to do if we brought condemnation of the community, or world, upon us, for truth and right can stand alone and by itself, though covered with blood and scars and may never be vindicated until the Judgment Day. Columbus did right when he was begging from court to court in the old world, though he stood alone and had the sarcasm of the common people given; this standing up for the right gave Carey the dark and sin-cursed foreign lands, while the preachers of England were crying him down, but history often turns around on her pinnacles. Who has the courage of their convictions? When these principles are God-given, this standing up for the right gave Luther his strength to face the pope and all the kings of the old world; then let me stand up for the right, though all censure and scorn, while the storm eagle screams over my head and the dynamite of hell explode at my feet.

CHAPTER VIII.

Rev. Z. C. Taylor, now of Bahia, Brazil, was my class-mate and an intimate friend and dear brother indeed. One day, after I had had special honor conferred on me, said: "Bro. Anderson has not enough sense to take the big-head," and I now regard this as I did then—one of the highest compliments that was ever made concerning me—for a preacher with the big-head is a curse to the cause of Christ, and a blast on the church and age in which he lives. Yet he must contend for what is right at the risk of all earthly happiness and social standing, and figuratively speaking, kick others who would hinder out of the ring until their locks grow (Num. 6:5) and their eyes are open and they see aright (2 Kings 6:17, and Mark 8:24).

I have had these knocks, and often from men who were almost worthless as workers, for a true worker in the Lord's vineyard, while he may not be willing to give a worker his strong support, on account of some points of doctrine the other or others may hold, will not use his influence to hinder a good work that he himself can not do, and which he sees is adding to the enlightenment of the people and their comforts and preparing them for more solid instruction from other hands.

I do not want to here digress into theorizing, for the world is full of theory, but we have not half enough actual practice work.

I would rather be like Stonewall Jackson's man, old Miles, the Virginia bridge builder.

One day the Union troops had retreated and burned a bridge over the Shenandoah. Jackson determined to follow them, and commanded Miles:

"You must put all your men on that bridge," said he. "They must work all night and the bridge must be completed by daylight. My engineer shall furnish you with a plan and you can go right ahead."

Early next morning Jackson met the old bridge-builder.

"Well," said the General, "did the engineer give you the plan for the bridge?"

"General," returned Miles slowly, "the bridge is done. I don't know whether the picture is or not."

And that is the kind of men we need today—just do the work and let theorizing go.

Miles set an example in this case worthy to be followed by every preacher, missionary and worker in the Lord's vineyard; and the thousands of professors who are idle, and many offer criticism, while they themselves do nothing, not even sending their own children to Sunday school, or trying to organize one if they have none; have no family altar, and are too indifferent to attend a prayer meeting; think if they go to their church once a month or once a year they are all right and riding to glory; and if they throw in a nickel or a quarter to help the preacher they think they are angels of mercy to the preacher and pillars in the church. There is not enough spiritual power among a thousand such to lead one soul to Christ, and active Christianity and religion would be a thing of the past unless God would raise up and send out men who would cause all such communities of Christians to awake and cause them to break up their fallow ground" (Jer. 4:3); and among this class fully one-third or one-half of the ordained ministers of this nation are standing.

I have met quite a number of this class of preachers, and their advice and suggestions were enough to make devils rejoice and angels in glory weep, if such were possible.

Oh, give me the hand of the man who first thinks and studies the Bible with a sincere desire to catch the spirit of the inspired truths and prays to be free from every selfish way, received the Word as a letter of instruction, as a guide, and pleads the promise, until he feels that the promises God has made are checks he has drawn on the bank of heaven. With boldness can take them and walk right up to the Lord's bank and ask him to pay them. Such a man, it makes no difference what his unpleasant surrounding may be, will sooner or later be heard, and the vicinity in which he lives will sooner or later realize that that man is a Christian indeed.

But God is much better to all his servants than Jackson was to Miles. He has given us a pattern to follow in the life of the Savior. First, of humility in leaving the glory and splendor of the ivory palaces of heaven to prove his love for the happiness of others. Second, a life of labor to teach all to be industrious. Third, to administering to the afflicted, weeping with the bereaved, and facing formalism and rebuking the wicked in a way that caused them to be enraged. (Read Matt. 23 over until you can see what he means.)

I have been called a crank, it is true, but as some cranks are of great importance and have proved a great blessing to the mass of mankind, the progress of the world's history, while others have shared no honors in the drama of life, and were a kind of nuisance in general, and so I have been at a loss to know to which class in the minds of these men I belonged, but as their opinions were not precious, and never formed worlds, I never had time to inquire or stoop low enough, or rather, to reach up to these "great ones" to ask which class I belonged; but as the sun was shining and the road was always wide open, I tried to travel on, and that this travel of mine may prove of some help to some other preachers who may read these lines—that is, a man who has just commenced—but not these old preachers who are pastors of "Cross-Road Church," or "Rock Creek Church," or "Lonesome Vale Church," or "Central Circle Church," and has been sawing away once a month, or every Sunday for four or five years and not one soul led to Jesus, and no Christian made to feel like shouting while this fossilized church of theology has been sawing.

One of these preachers, who was a piece of a pastor of a nice city church, and had D. D. to his name, said to me one day after I had asked for the privilege to present to his Church the needs of an adjoining section of territory, which was destitute of the preached Word and he had refused his assistance in the matter.

This eminent divine remarked: "I never knew a soul led to Christ under my preaching, nor a Christian made happy." "But," continued he, "I had studied for the ministry and have had some good pastorates that have always paid me good salaries."

I was amazed, I was thunderstruck with the statement of this preacher. He could theorize until I was made to feel sorry from head to foot, and I am sorry today I was even thrown in company with him and was forced to listen to his stale thoughts and babyish ideas; though he had been preaching twenty years.

One thing he did—undertook to abuse Mr. D. B. Ray of St. Louis for publishing in book form the "Papal Controversy," and made other breaks that were worse than that, and, while he was in a city of forty thousand population, his church was full only when he was to marry a couple there are some other big occasion.

I went to hear him at a regular service. There were only about four dozen in the congregation, but hardly one-third seemed to care about what the preacher was saying.

The people who belonged to this church were kind, indeed, to pay the salary of such a preacher, who never had time, or, as many said, was "too lazy" to visit any of the members, and pastoral work was too small for him to do.

I inquired, "Did he ever take any interest in looking after the poor in his part of the city, and watching after the sick?"

"No; he seems to take no interest in anything of the kind."

"Well," said I, "has your church any committee to look after the sick and distressed ones, for in a city like this there are afflicted ones and persons who are very poor and need some assistance in securing food and raiment and getting employment, for this was a cardinal doctrine of the Apostolic Church, and that is what we Baptists claim to be, and many will rise up and jump on you in a minute if you should say "we Baptists are not the Church." (Gal. 2:10.)

"No, sir. We have never had any suggestions from our pastor on that line."

As I talked the crowd increased and all stood and listened to the stranger and one said, "We want you to remain and preach for us Sunday." "Won't you, please," exclaimed several. "We are anxious to hear you on the work of the church."

"I have been preaching night and day for four weeks and want to go on to another place where I have promised to come as soon as I could, but will remain and preach if your pastor says he wants me to," I remarked.

Two went and saw the pastor, but he informed them that "it would not do to be putting up any but him to preach on Sunday, and Brother Anderson is tired anyway." What else he said I care no more for than I do for the feelings of a gnat riding on a buffalo on the Rockies.

How can a preacher who has a Bible and plenty of time to read and all the time to pray, (for Paul said, "Pray without ceasing"), stand up in the judgment before his congregation: "No soul led to Christ." "No sick ones looked after." "No poor ones assisted." "Sermons like moonshine to hungry souls and chaff of the lightest grade."

The world will lose a common citizen when he dies, unless he wakes up and gets around on a different speed. This poor man, who had the name of being a preacher, would also criticise Spurgeon's sermons and those of other lesser lights.

I know that old Noah preached one hundred and twenty years and no one was converted, but that is no excuse for a Texas preacher to be unfruitful. I said to this D. D. preacher, "If I were you, I would take my Bible under my arm and go out to the woods with it and fast and pray until I starved to death unless I got a blessing from the Lord for my people. If I was pastor things should change or I would just quit the ministry and make my living cutting stove wood or breaking wild horses."

With a smile of contempt and ridicule on his face, I bid him adieu, but, Mr. Preacher, I don't want your pulpit, but will face you in the Judgment.

I never did have a small congregation where I preached three months, as this D. D. had in this city. To take my choice today, with an open Bible before me and a crowded house to listen to me preach tonight, I would rather die than to be such a preacher, with fifty honored titles attached around, to or concerning this body I call mine. I can say, as John Knox said, "Give me souls or I die."

As I before stated, I resigned all my pastoral work on account of sickness in 1880, and in October of that year went to Whitney in Hill County, where I had a sister living, and at this time I was more dead than alive. I did not do anything until in January, 1881, when I commenced to teach school on Cedron Creek in Bosque County.

During the summer of 1881 I assisted Rev. Shelby King and others in meetings held under brush arbors in various parts of Bosque County. Brother King insisted that I should go with him to the Bosque River Association, which met just north of Iredell that year. The people of that vicinity had built a large arbor, so someone could preach to the ladies while the delegates carried on the work of the association in the church, and I was appointed to preach to the ladies.

My father taught me to obey orders of those in authority, so with a heavy heart I went out to the arbor to try to preach. After taking my seat, I looked over the congregation to see if there was anyone there that I knew. While viewing that large congregation of leaders I saw two blue eyes which sent a thrill of joy to my heart, while sweet charms sparkled from her lovely eyes. I knew I would have her for an attentive listener while I preached that day. I soon said in my heart, "She is mine;" "I would bridle a comet, if possible, for her;" "Oh! I would muzzle a cyclone for her heart and hand." I inquired who she was, but none could tell me.

The committee on Divine service inquired of the ladies, "Who do you sisters want to preach for you this evening?"

"Give us Brother Anderson. We were delighted with his sermon."

This was repeated until I preached five sermons to the ladies, which brought us to Sunday, 11 a. m., when Dr. R. C. Burleson was to preach, and, while the charming young lady was there each service, I never had been introduced to her or found anyone who knew her, but late Sunday evening I did find a brother who was acquainted with her, and I was soon introduced.

Soon after we were introduced I asked her could I have the pleasure of taking her to church that night in the buggy.

"Brother Anderson, you have my consent, but before I will answer definitely I will have to ask my mother," was her reply. She excused herself to seek her mother's advice. I loved her before, but now I adored her, because that one act to honor her mother told me she was obedient to mother.

On the 28th of next May we were married. Two days after we were married they made up a mob to hang me. When I heard of the report I inquired of my wife and her mother if they believed the report that had stirred up all my wife's cousins and friends.

It was told that I had a wife and two children down at Whitney in Hill County, which caused her relatives to be enraged at me, and caused them to say I ought to be put to death—"Hanging is too good for him."

I knew it was false to the core, but ere this I had had many dark things said against me, which I had been able to prove untrue, but now I was in Hamilton County, near Hico, among strangers, and I had never run in my life when in danger, and now I had just married and I resolved that I would now die before I would run one inch. I would go and beard the devil in his den and make the liar take the lie, or someone would die ere the sun went down that day. I had my horse saddled in a few minutes, and telling my weeping wife good-bye and begging her not to be uneasy, that I was cool and I would prove to the whole set who were against me or the one who started the report an infamous liar.

I was soon talking to one of her cousins, who lived about one mile away. I said to him, "I understand that you have a crowd ready to break my neck tonight. Now, I want you to tell me who told you that I had a wife and two children at Whitney." He told me who started the report.

"Do you think I am going to run away, or just let you and your crowd come in and take me out and whip me half to death or hang me, just as it suits you, without me defending myself. I am now unarmed, but if I can not satisfy you that I am clear of the base charges against me, I will certainly kill more of your crowd than you can on my side. Get your horse quick and let us ride up to see this liar who told you I had a wife and two children."

He called two more of her cousins and we soon rode up to where L—'s was. I said to them just before we reached him, "You call him out and engage him in conversation about anything you want to, but don't introduce him to me when he comes out." To this they agreed.

When he came out they talked with him for five or ten minutes, but the minutes passed like hours to me although I did try to keep cool. Finally I dismounted and stood just in front of him. I said to him, "Do you know me?"

"No, sir," was his reply, and as he looked me in the face he turned pale.

"Are you sure you never saw me before—why you don't know me?"

"I never saw you anywhere that I can remember."

"Now think and be sure you know or you don't know me." He was still eyeing me closely, because he knew from my countenance there was a cyclone raging somewhere, and he would not take his eyes off of me, while the others who went with me stood with sealed lips.

I again asked, "Do you know me?"

"I do not," was his reply.

"Well, sir, my name is Anderson, the preacher who married Miss Willie Malone last Sunday, and your black, infamous lies have caused her relatives to make up a crowd to hang me tonight. Now you look those men in the face and tell them you are the biggest liar in this town and tell them quick or there will be one man less—perhaps two—mighty quick."

He did not repeat my words, but he turned to them and said, "This is not the man I knew at Whitney; it is a mistake. I take it all back. He is not the man."

I saw that my wife's cousins were glad I proved myself clear, but still I was angry because of the many hard things that had been said against me. One, when he heard what a bad man I was, said, "Well, when I first saw that man I knew he was a rotten chicken, a bad egg, if he does claim to be a preacher. I knew he did not have any credentials from a church anywhere, unless they were forged. When you see one of these fellows so polite and always smiling you can just count on it he's no good."

I turned to her cousins and said, "I did not marry her kinfolks, and if ever I have a home you wait until I invite you before you come to see us."

I mounted my horse and rode back to my wife. As I rode back home I became almost reckless, thinking that I could not even have a pleasant time during the honeymoon.

"Against an elder receive not an accusation but before two or three witnesses." (1 Tim. 5: 19.) Yet people will often take up a report about a minister sooner than they will against any other man. I let my mind run back over what I had read and heard.

"Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." (2 Tim. 3: 12.) I rapidly reviewed the lives of the Reformer and the bitter persecutions of the faithful followers of the Savior in various parts of the world and all the past ages.

"If ye be without chastisements, whereof all are partakers, ye are bastards and not sons." (Heb. 12: 8.)

I remembered Rev. Z. N. Morrell who wrote the book "Flowers and Fruits, or 36 Years in Texas," lecture to us young ministers at Baylor University, in which he said, 'Young brethren, we old worn-out preachers have had all kinds of lies told on us and all kinds of dangers to face, and I pray you to be brave and true, and build up the cause of our Blessed Master where we had to fight wild Indians and undergo all kinds of hardships and privations. I remembered that Dr. J. R. Graves had been whipped and Whitefield, so I must not be discouraged at such a little thing as that.

When I reached my wife, she wore a sweet smile and seemed proud of her husband. Someone had arrived before me and told her what had passed and added to it, I expect, because they told her that I would fight any number of men, and there was not one particle of fear about me. This little affair was soon forgotten by all—it was buried.

I then told my wife if any man or woman, rich or poor, should ever come and tell us, or her alone, a lot of bad things on anyone, she must never repeat it to anyone. Now, after we have been married twenty-five years, we have never been engaged or mixed up in any neighborhood fuss or scandal, though we walked safely over and around volcanoes ready to burst forth in awful fury, when someone would have been killed had we repeated what had been told to us. Oh! let us all do like the eagle—hunt out the nice things to feast on and speak words of cheer, instead of going over the world like the big brown or black fowl looking for the rotten and stinking to feast upon.

CHAPTER IX.

SICKNESS AND HARD WORK.

In 1889 I moved from near Ross in McLennan County to Whitney in Hill County.

Here I lay for three months near death's door. The doctor I called was good and very faithful to me, but at last one evening he brought another physician with him. These two doctors talked much about my case. He told me as he left that he would be back early in the morning to see me. When he came he had two other doctors with him. They examined me and talked much about my case privately. Finally he said, "Anderson, we have done all we can for you; now, you tell your wife what you want her to do with the children, because you can not remain with them over twenty-four hours."

I knew I was quite sick and had been growing weaker all the time for three months, but I was not alarmed at the doctor's statement that I could not live over twenty-four hours longer. I turned and looked at my wife who was sitting near. I saw the big tears rolling down her cheeks. I looked at the three children, who stood by their mother's chair, clothed only in tattered garments.

I said to her, "Wife, I want you to dry up those tears, for I am going to get well, for God himself has promised me that I should get well. I will yet live to preach to ten thousand people before I die."

I said to the doctors that they need not come back until I sent for them.

They shook hands with me and said they had done all they could for me, but if I wanted them they were ready to come back at any time. I thanked them and told them I felt that they had treated me well, but I would get well.

I had been praying all the time for my recovery and God had made it clear to me that I should get well. I had the faith to believe He would give me back my health. I knew I was trusting the very same Jesus who restored the withered hand, the very same Jesus who stopped the issue of blood, and told the man who had lain at the pool for thirty-eight years to rise up and walk.

That very evening, after the three doctors left I felt better. In two weeks I was able to go to work for a Bible company, and as all the farmers had made a larger crop than ever produced in the country before, money was plentiful. When I started to work I run up the various bills and debts I owed, which amounted to six hundred and fifty dollars. I did not think I could ever pay them, but I wanted to pay each one who had been so kind to me in my long spell of sickness. I had no property of any kind. I pursued my business very faithfully and in less than six months I had all debts paid and had also a nice pair of horses and a good hack clear of indebtedness. I preached nearly every Sunday; was called to two churches by this time.

There was a little circumstance which happened the first week after I got up that gained for me a little notoriety and caused considerable comment in the surrounding country. I was walking out a little one day when I met with about six young men. I knew one or two of them who greeted me kindly. When they had passed on a little one, a stranger, returned to me and said, "Parson, I want to get married and the girl wants you to perform the ceremony." I tried to beg off when I learned I would have to ride about twelve miles to comply with his request, but he insisted, until I consented to go. As I could not make the ride by 9 o'clock a. m., I went part of the way the night before and stayed with a friend until morning, when I reached the house on time, and told the gentleman my business. He said, "Get down and come in but that fellow is making a fool out of you, as there is not a girl in this section who would marry him." I went in and stayed until dinner and then rode back home in the afternoon.

When I reached home my wife met me and said, "That's one couple you did not marry."

"How do you know?" I asked.

One of my friends in town had heard of the joke that the young stranger was going to play on me, and fearing it would cause me a backset and perhaps a relapse, came over to tell me about it and for me not to go, but I had gone when the friend called.

I said, "I will make him pay for his smartness." Next morning I was feeling much stronger than I really was, so I rode out to the farm where this smart young man was employed and found him with the same crowd of boys and said to him, "You did not come yesterday as you told me you would."

He began to cuss about his bad luck in being fooled. I looked him in the face and said, "You have told the last lie I want to hear from your lips about this affair. You can now take your choice of one of two things: You can now pay me my price or go to the penitentiary for your smartness, for I will have you in jail before night unless I am paid."

He swelled up and began to talk big, but I told him I would only wait two minutes for $5.00, and if it was not ready in that time I would return to town and send the officer after him. He saw I was in earnest, so he borrowed some of the money and paid me. With a few words of good advice I bid him good-bye.

The boys teased him so much because he was beat at his own game that he soon left the country. The boys around Whitney had a way that every preacher who came into the country, they would make out that they were to get married at such an hour and place and cause the new preacher to ride fifteen or twenty miles, then laugh about what a fool he was, and I was the first preacher in the country who ever made the young chap pay for the ride. I told it publicly that I was ready to ride twenty-five miles any day or night, but the next one who fooled me would not get off nearly so light, but I never heard of another preacher being fooled.

I was called to assist pastors in meetings far and near so much so that I was preaching nearly all the time.

In 1892 I was invited by some friends who had moved from Hill County to Liberty County to come and preach there, as there was not a preacher in the county, and men carried on business on Sunday almost like any other day. I went down, expecting to remain only two weeks, but when I reached there, there were so many pressing invitations to preach at various places that I remained for six weeks.

One gentleman came where I was holding a meeting and was very anxious to have me go home with him and preach a few sermons at his schoolhouse. He said, "I went to town yesterday and spent the last dollar I had, but I will give one hundred pounds of nice bacon and ten gallons of as fine honey as you ever saw for your family, and I think I can make up ten or fifteen dollars in cash for you besides among my neighbors, if you will only preach us two or three sermons, because my children never heard a sermon and quite a lot of my neighbors' children are just the same way, and we do want them to hear you preach." I saw that he was in earnest. I stood there in deep study and in silent prayer, the tears rolling down my cheeks. He saw I hesitated in promising him I would go. He said, "I will see that you have that much money if I have to borrow it."

"Kind friend," said I, "your offer is liberal, indeed, but I came to this county to remain only two weeks, but pressing invitations like yours have caused me to promise to visit different communities and preach, until I am engaged four more weeks, which will make six weeks in all and I fear I can not come to your neighborhood while I am here, for I am nearly three hundred miles from my family and don't think I can arrange to stay longer, but if circumstances are so I can, I will come and preach before I return home."

There are things ever coming up in our lives that we want to do, but other obligations and engagements prevent us from doing, so I could not visit and preach at more than one-fourth of the places I had pressing invitations to while in that section, where the harvest was so white and laborers were surely needed.

The gentleman who had lived in Hill County said to me, "You need a horse to ride while you are here, but mine are all so poor they are not suitable, but neighbor Bell has several and I think he will let you have a horse, though he is not a member of any church and he stated to me today that you were the first preacher he had heard in fifteen years." So we walked up to Mr. Bell's. I told him my needs.

"Yes, sir; you can have one of mine to ride as long as you stay in this country and if these people don't contribute liberally to your support you can ride that horse back to Hill County and tell the people that one of Liberty County's wicked men gave you that horse."

I rode the horse for about four weeks and when I returned it to Mr. Bell he wanted to know how much money I had received since I came into the county. I told him the total amount. He said, "That is not half enough pay for a man like you; now, you take that horse and saddle and ride it home." I refused to take the horse for two reasons: First, he had contributed liberally in cash; second, to ride home would prevent me reaching home in time to hold meetings I had promised to hold. I never will forget Mr. Bell and the roan pony while memory sits upon her throne, and when the leaves of Judgment unfold I trust his name will be found written in letters of gold.

It is said that New Orleans has more pretty women than any Southern city, but while I was in Liberty County on one occasion I thought there were more pretty women in the congregation of its size before me than I had ever seen in one congregation, and I preached against the evils of the ballroom on that occasion. Quite a number got mad and said they would not hear me again. That sermon was discussed freely by all, pro and con. In the sermon I said, "Love which began in the ballroom was not near as strong, deep and lasting as that which sprung up and grew in pure hearts elsewhere, and there were more grass-widows in Texas and more divorce cases on the dockets of our courts caused by artificial love commencing in the ballroom than all other causes put together."

The day after I preached that sermon I was told many of the comments and some thought I would not have many to hear me the next night, but the house was filled as before, and after I preached that night and had dismissed the congregation, several ladies came up to tell me how much they appreciated my sermon and especially the one last night against the ballroom and its attending evils.

One beautiful young lady with a precious babe in her arms said, "Brother Anderson, you are the only minister that ever visited our town who had the moral courage to preach against dancing. I listened to you carefully and I know by sad experience you preached the truth last night. I met my husband first in the ballroom, but now he is gone—God alone knows where." It seemed that her heart would almost break with grief as she related to me her sorrow, while the tears rolled down her cheeks and fell upon the babe in her arms as she bid me adieu. "My earnest prayer is that you may live long and warn hundreds of girls, so their fate will not be as mine."

Among the fair ladies who listened to the sermon against dancing were five grass-widows.

I also visited Wallisville, the county seat of Chambers County. This beautiful little town is situated on the Trinity River, near where the river empties into Galveston Bay. I remained and preached daily for five days. There were about thirty conversions. The nice church was crowded at each service and I was treated with great kindness by everyone I met, and all united in trying to get me to remain longer. .Once I went out sailing with a party and once while the boat was sailing very fast it dipped to one side and I moved my seat, when one of the gay crowd said, "I see the preacher is a little afraid and is not ready to die yet awhile."

At the last service every sinner in the congregation was forward for prayer, except two. I stated to the audience that I felt that God was making the last call to repent that He ever would make and insisted on all to repent with greater power and earnestness than I was ever enabled to do before. I saw a gentleman who was greatly affected by the sermon and I knew he was striving against the spirit. I pleaded earnestly but in vain with him. His boat was loaded and ready to sail for Galveston next morning. I went down to see the boat start, for it was a grand and new scene to me. I met the gentleman referred to above on the shore. He said, "You came near getting me up to the altar last night, but you will come back when I have more time and then I will join the church and lead a better life." He offered me a free trip to Galveston and he would pay all my expenses while in the city and insisted on my going, but I told him I was to preach that night about ten miles away and I could not disappoint the people.

He soon hoisted the sails and sailed out into the bay. About eleven o'clock a gale struck his boat and all on board were drowned. The sad news was brought to the city by a captain whose boat survived the storm. That man never lived to join the church and lead a better life. God never takes a man to heaven against his will and I fear this gentleman was eternally lost, but I hope he was saved.

While in Liberty and Chambers counties young men and women came to hear me preach who said they never heard a sermon before. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." (Matt. 9: 37.)

After they had taken a collection for me at Devers, I preached a sermon on the marriage relation. At the close of the sermon an aged gentleman walked up to me and said, "Brother Anderson, here is another dollar; it is the last one I have. I wish I had forty-nine more to go with it, because the sermon today was the grandest I ever listened to."

It surely does a poor preacher good to know his sermons do the people good. Every place where I preached the people tried to get me to remain longer with them. That section of Texas is a level country and mostly prairie with big cow ranches here and there.

After I had spent six weeks in this section, where the harvest was so white and laborers so few, I told the people that if I could get the churches in Hill County where I lived to aid me I would return and live among them and be their servant and minister. I told the ministers when I reached home about the country and how anxious the people were for preaching and I wanted them to help me raise one hundred dollars so I could move to that section, where I was needed. One minister promptly told me that I must not take any money from anyone unless I was sure to get enough to move on, from the fact that Brother ——— went over the country here and raised one hundred and seventy-five dollars to go to China as a missionary, but never went; but instead bought a fine suit of clothes and married and quit preaching. Also another brother went to the different churches here and raised quite a sum to aid him to go to the frontier of Texas to preach to the people there. He also got married and never went to the frontier to preach. "So I fear under the circumstances you will find it difficult to raise what you need to enable you to move to Liberty. But," said he, "you have done so much faithful preaching here, we ought to give you three hundred dollars instead of two hundred."

I went to see the sixteen Baptist ministers in Hill County and all said about the same in substance, but added, "If you can get the money to go on, I think it will be a good thing, because there are more preachers here than churches."

After trying for about thirty days to raise the money I was forced to give up the idea of moving to the coast region for the present at least. I declined the call to serve the churches that called me, hoping and trusting that God would provide a way for me to move to that field of vast destitution, but aided pastors in meetings at various churches in the surrounding country, and while some criticised me for wanting to move away to a new field, God did wonderfully bless me in preaching, and hundreds of men and women were converted and added to the churches.

It would have been an easy matter to have raised the money I needed to move with if the other ministers who raised money to go to China and the frontier of Texas had gone as they promised.

As I look back over those days of sore trials and hardships, I don't think hard of anyone. Oh! I wish God would bless my preaching today as He did in those days when my heart was burdened with trials hard to bear.

CHAPTER X.

SUCCESS IN A FINANCIAL WAY AND PREACHING.

When I recovered from long sickness at Whitney I was deep in debt and I did not see any way of paying up soon, yet I prayed for help and went to work with a vim as an agent. My success surprised my friends and I was delighted when I was able to settle my accounts. I was not called to any church as pastor, but called to aid pastors in meetings at their churches and I would make appointments in communities where they had no preaching, but there were no collections taken for me unless I was especially invited by the church.

I was invited by the Prairie Valley Church out south of Whitney, some eight miles. As I was on my way to this church to preach a week I met a good brother who knew the membership of this church and said, "I am surprised that you are going there to preach, because that church does not believe in paying a preacher for preaching and claims that preachers ought not to be paid. That church paid the preacher who preached for them one whole year, only two dollars and fifty cents; that is a poor place for you to go to, as you have a family of little children and have house rent to pay."

I said to this good brother, "God raised me up last fall when the doctors said I could not get well and He has otherwise blessed me, and I am going to preach if I don't get a cent from this church." I proceeded on my journey and remained and preached about ten days. About thirty-five members were added to the church. The whole community was stirred by the preaching of the pastor and myself. The brethren proposed to take a collection for me and when the money was counted it amounted to about twenty dollars. I was treated with great kindness by all.

There was a gentleman who was not in the habit of attending services, but came to hear me regularly during this meeting. He was a learned and wealthy man. They were surprised and glad to see Col. Sanderson at church. After he had listened to one of my sermons he came and we were introduced. I had been told he would not let a preacher come in his house if he knew it, but he spoke highly of my sermon, whereupon I said I was truly glad that the Christian people were enjoying them.

He said, "I don't belong to any church, but I want to welcome you to our community as a preacher and want you to go home with me." I accepted his invitation. He treated me with great kindness while at his home and asked me to feel welcome to call at any time and make his house my home during the meeting. I soon found that he was a well read and educated man. He had been a member of the church before the war, but he had lost his negroes; this and other causes combined seemed to have driven him away from duty as a Christian, and nothing I could say would turn him from his way of living, yet he attended the meeting most of the time.

At the close of this meeting he came to me, while surrounded by a crowd of brethren, and said:

"Anderson, all preachers like Beecher, Talmage and others who are learned, have preached hell out of the Bible long ago, but I see by your preaching that you have no better sense than to preach it red hot; yet I think we (naming a number of wealthy men in that section) ought to buy you a good home and furnish your family with all they need and let you go around and preach all the time, because if you can get the men everywhere to believe as you have the people here believing—as you have made them believe—they will not be slipping around cutting your wire fences and breaking in your smoke house while you are asleep. Here is five dollars, and if you ever need anything in the way of provisions just come to my house in your wagon and get a supply, for I aim to help you as long as you preach like you have been preaching."

It was hard for me to place him—he would at times talk like he was a Christian, then again as if he was an infidel, but was ever kind to me and willing to aid me financially.

There was another noted man who attended this meeting, who became offended at my preaching. He left the house in a rage and swore that he would whip me when I left the pulpit that day. As we had dinner on the ground I soon learned of his remarks, and the brethren were uneasy for fear he would do me bodily harm, but I stated to them I hardly knew the man when I saw him and I never knew anything about him and I was sure I had said nothing to or about him personally, and therefore I could not see why he should be so angry at me. He made some threats, but that was all—a few days afterwards he was converted and he said to me, "I never was as mad at anyone as I was at you and I thought that I would certainly try to knock you down, but somehow I felt that I had better not raise a disturbance at church."

While I assisted pastors in the surrounding vicinity in meetings during the summer months, I was not paid as much as sixty-five dollars for ministerial work. I was called on to perform more marriage ceremonies than any other two or three preachers in that section and the young men generally paid me well, and in the fall I worked as an agent and made some money and would preach nearly every Sunday somewhere.

CHAPTER XI.

MY TRIP AND WORK IN ARKANSAS.

In 1893 I took the Cotton Belt railroad and went back on a visit to my native state. I reached Buena Vista about noon and walked to my uncle's home about four miles from the town.

He and all the family were glad to see me. One of the leading citizens soon called to see my uncle, E. B. Anderson, and to get acquainted with his Texas nephew. After talking to us quite a while he wanted to know if I would not preach for them next Sunday at 11 a. m. I replied I was willing to if he so desired. He agreed to circulate the word that the Texan would preach. He said I would have a house full, so when Sunday morning came we walked over to the church.

When we arrived the hillside was covered with horses and mules with men saddles on them, also a few buggies. I took a glance at the house and decided if there were as many ladies in the house as there were men on the logs and standing around in view that they could not all be seated inside. My uncle introduced me to all the men. At 11 o'clock sharp I said, "It is now time for service. Let's all go into the church." I led the way thinking to see the house crowded with ladies, but to my amazement when I reached the door only two ladies were to be seen. One of them was my cousin's wife and the other her near neighbor, but the men and boys filed in until there was not any more vacant seats and all standing room was occupied. It was a beautiful day in December. I wondered why the men did not bring their wives and daughters, thinking various things that might have kept the ladies away. I forgot I was a wild Texan.

We had good singing. I felt perfectly at home and we had two or three earnest prayers and then good attention during the sermon. I saw tears rolling down the cheeks of the good men who sat before me. My old Uncle was made to rejoice during the sermon and wanted to apologize for shouting while I was preaching. I told him I was made happy to see him happy. I was just ready to dismiss them when a brother arose and said: "Bro. John, can't you preach for us again tonight?" Whereupon I told him I could and would try if it was the desire of the people. "Announce you will preach again tonight," came from several. I said, "I will preach tonight and want you brethren to see that the house is well lighted." As we were about to leave the grounds the very man who first asked me to preach said to me: "Bro. John, my wife and two daughters wanted to come this morning the worst kind, but I told them no, because we have heard so many hard things on Texas preachers and Texas people. I told them after I heard you, if you were alright, that I would let them go the next time you preached."

This remark stung me a little and I looked him straight in the eye and said to him, "When you get home, you tell your wife and daughters that I am a gentleman and preach in Texas to thousands of as good ladies as ever made a track on Arkansas sand."

Every one who did come to my Uncle's or had met me up to this time had something to get off on Texas people or Texas preachers. I told them we had two penitentiaries in Texas, but most of the prisoners were from other states, which taught me that all the bad people were not raised in Texas.

When the hour for the night service came, I was in the stand and people kept coming in until all the available seats were occupied and yet crowds of ladies kept coming in. No one acted as usher to seat them, so I rose and stated that gentlemen in Texas would give their seats to the ladies and would now ask that all gentlemen on the two front seats would give them to the ladies, and if any man on them was not a gentleman, we would not expect him to vacate his seat.

This was repeated until when I closed the discourse all the men were out of doors except my Uncle and a few men who came into the pulpit and took seats around it on the steps, but be it said to the honor of the men and boys who went out and stood around the windows—not a whisper was heard and the little preacher had as good attention as any man ever had in the rural districts of that state. While I was among strangers, they all seemed like homefolks.

The preacher is not fit to go away from home to preach unless he trusts and serves God at home, but when away among strangers, stay at the foot of the cross; walk in the torrid zone of His love and you will never need a pocket full of recommendations if you are there on business for the Lord. I would rather have the Lord with me as my helper on such occasions than all the high recommendations you could press into a leather suitcase, for I have seen preachers who came to Texas with high recommendations, high sounding eulogistic praises, that men of his class were only found in a state once in a hundred years and only one on a continent at a time. There are plenty of this class in Texas that failed to half way meet the expectations of the churches which called them on the face of highly colored recommendations. This today has reached such a point that Dr. Brooks, president of Baylor University, said in one of his addresses, "Beware of the man who is so sorry as to have to carry recommendations."*

There are plenty such lying around in Texas waiting for something to turn up in their favor, like so much old junk, which would be a crime to ship to another state. They are a failure here and would be anywhere else; but coming back to the meeting: I was solicited to visit three churches that night, by brethren who had instructions from their respective churches if after they heard me, to invite me to come and hold a meeting. So I then had plenty of places and work that would keep me for a month if I would agree. I told them I did not expect to remain in the state longer than fifteen days, but I did stay more than a month.

One church I went to the boys were rather rude during the services, said the pastor, and he could not have order, so I told him I would try to hold them down and we could do it if we would pray in real earnestness for the Lord to help us and save those wicked boys and men.

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*While in the above chapter from one expression it would appear that it was wrong to carry letters of recommendation, but we must or ought to be still better than our recommendations. They often are very important. The ministers of our Government carry them to foreign courts, and letters of introduction and commendations are given to all classes of men that they may at once be received into confidence.

The second night of this meeting, the boys began to eat peanuts and throw them over to the girls during the sermon. I stopped, looked at them and said they must forever stop such conduct or leave the house, or they would wish they never had come to the church while I was there. The remainder of that service I had good attention, but the boys went home mad that night and making threats and telling what they would do with that trifling Texas fellow. "He was run out of Texas for some low-down meanness or crime" and other such remarks were freely made. Each service the crowds were larger until the ladies filled the house, while the men stood around and strong men gave their hearts to Jesus by faith and went home happy, while earnest prayers rose from many hearts and women who came to criticize went away with serious minds, while some dear young ladies told their parents, "Jesus is now my Savior."

Saturday night many were deeply interested and we tarried long in prayer at church for their salvation. Sunday the deacon was called out, with whom I made my home, by some other brethren, who talked very earnestly and long over some subject unknown at the time to me. Finally they left and the deacon came into the house with a troubled look on his face and said to me: "Bro. A., you remember reproving those men and boys the other night in a way they had never heard before?" I said: "Certainly, I remember stopping their unbecoming conduct in church."

"Well," said he, "it will not do for you to go to the church today."

"Why?" said I.

He replied: "There are some very bad men in that crowd and they are coming to the church today to break up the meeting and whip you, and it will not do for you to go to the church today."

I asked him: "Do you think I am here for the mere honor, or for just what money you will pay me?"

"No. I think you are in earnest for the salvation of souls."

"Well, if I am, it is my Heavenly Father's part in this work to shield me from harm, and putting my trust in Him, I am going to the church and preach today if I am shot out of the pulpit; if I am a fraud, as some say, I ought to die and good men need not trouble themselves to bury my worthless body."

We soon started for the church. The pastor, when he saw us approaching the church, called the other deacons and a few good men came to meet us. The poor pastor was trembling for my fate, so he could hardly talk; he trembled like a leaf in the wind.

He said: "It will not do for you to go to the church."

I asked him: "Do you believe that God is able to protect us?"

He replied: "Yes, but those men are bad men and, Bro. Anderson, they were never ordered to behave in church before and they don't think you are a good man."

"God knows whether I am a fraud or not and I leave it all in His hands. I ask only one thing of you brethren; that you will join me in prayer that God will save those men today and pray that I may be guided by His Spirit."

There were about five of us in this little group and we walked on up to the church, which was some fifty yards away and in plain view. The church was crowded; many men and boys were on the outside. I asked one brother to conduct a prayer meeting, but not to call on me and at eleven o'clock sharp I took charge. I was never in better spirits in my life. I rose and walked out before the pulpit, laughing, and told them I was in a good humor with everybody; I did not fear the devil and all his crowd, but from what I had heard there were some people there who were like one of my friends in Texas, who I used to ride the range with, when I agreed on one occasion to preach at the church near where he lived in Harris County. When this friend heard I was going to preach near him he mounted his horse and rode over the community telling every one he could see: "I want you to come and hear John Anderson preach. I have known him ever since he began to ride the prairies, and he was always a wild, reckless daredevil of a rider and I have no confidence in his religion, but I do want you to hear him." All this time I was laughing; I was tickled and I saw the high tension was giving way to pleasant thoughts all over the house. I stepped into the pulpit, announced the text and proceeded to enlarge on it in my poor way. Hearts were melted and Christians drew to God in supplication, while some shouted praise to His name. I stepped into the altar and said: "All who want to come under the blood and be saved today, come and give me your hand and kneel here in this altar and we will join you in begging God to save you." One who I had been told was the bad man of the crowd, a desperado, was the first to come, and he hardly waited for the singing to begin and all of his colleagues came except one. The altar was crowded;

it was a time when Christian people really prayed and many who were agonizing, soon changed to shouting, "Hallelujah."

The pastor, though trembling in the morning, now became as bold as a lion. The climax of the service was glorious. The leader of the crowd who was to whip me and break up the meeting did not come up, but he conducted himself as a noble man during the services.

When we dismissed the leader was struck with a pain in the hips as he stepped out of the door, and with difficulty reached his horse. He rode away and the pains were so great when about a half of a mile from the church he had to dismount and lay down. Soon friends came along and took him home in a buggy. The doctors were called and the word reached the church that night that he was growing worse all the time and the three doctors could not stop the pains.

On Monday night a messenger came to ask me to come and pray for him next morning. I promised I would go and two deacons were to go with me.

We reached the home early; father and mother were in great distress as the doctors had said they were unable to check the disease, for it was "a strange affliction." The doctors had given him up and gone home. His parents received us with marked kindness.

Oh! poor, struggling servant of God, stay at the foot of the cross and while we may, like Job be a hiss and a by-word to our neighbors and our companions turn against us, as did Job's wife, and if we die at our post of duty we will not then do any more than our dear Savior.

The young man was in great misery; his lower limbs were swollen and inflamed. I took a seat near him and taking his hand in mine, I said: "They tell me you wanted me to come and pray for you. Is this true?"

"It is my request," he replied.

"Well, I have heard some other statements which I would like to ask you if they are true. I was told you became very angry and enraged at me when I demanded that you and your friends respect the services or leave the house. You and your friends said I was a refugee from justice and a fraud; you made up a crowd to whip me or kill me and break up the meeting. Is it true?"

"Yes, all you have heard was true."

"How came you to decide I was a refugee from justice? Did you not know it was wrong to disturb the services at the house of prayer?"

"I knew it, but I cannot say or explain why I did that way."

"Alright, I want to ask you some more questions before I can pray for you. Are you sorry and ashamed of your conduct?" I questioned.

"Yes, sir."

"Will you behave yourself at church in the future, no matter who preaches?"

He promised, "I certainly will."

"Now, do you want God to forgive you and pardon all your sins? Do you want to get well?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I want to read some scriptures to you now and then we will try to pray."

Turning to Job 31:3, I read: "Is not destruction to the wicked and a strange punishment to the workers of iniquity?" You see you were in fine health Sunday morning and just declared there would be one whipped preacher that day. The doctors told you that your sickness was very strange to them; they never saw a case like it. You see it fits your case because you were working iniquity." I turned to Job 34:28. "and he heareth the cry of the afflicted."

After talking to him a little more, I asked all in the room to let us get down on our knees and beg the Lord to pardon, bless and save him now. The Lord inclined his ear and granted the petition. When we rose the young man was happy and he grew much better that day and was able in a few days to come to church and unite with the church.

You never know how the Lord will bless until you put him to the test.

There was another incident which happened in that meeting I will never forget. There were four ministers there and I thought well of all of them.

I said in one of my sermons: "If you ever see a preacher who will take a dram with the boys and has his eggnog on Christmas, that preacher is not fit to preach to free negroes." I saw that one of those ministers on the front seat turned red in the face and became very restless. He afterwards told me that he then resolved he would whip me at the close of that sermon, if I was the last man on earth, but said he: "You never let up on the whiskey and ere you had closed I saw you were right and I was wrong. Before I reached home that day I had to go alone before God in prayer and now I am done with eggnog and dram drinking."

There was another minister there who wanted to come to Texas, where he could get a good salary of

$1,800 or $2,000 a year. He asked me many questions; how I came to enter the evangelistic work. I told him I began at home in my own church and many other places invited me to come and preach for them. I first went from home to home and got each member of the church to read one chapter in the Bible every day, all to hold family service at least once a day.

He said: "If I had a man like you in my church, I could build up a great, strong church in my town. We have one lay preacher in our church, but he is almost useless when it comes to work." I listened to that poor seminary preacher that had the training and had great ideas in his head, but he did not have the Spirit of God in his heart, apparently.

He said he was going to a certain church in Texas which I knew well, and he was going to teach that church "something." I sat there and listened again and thought and thought. At last, when he had told "all," I replied that I knew that church and I knew there were five or six preachers near that church that were his superiors in training and pulpit ability and if only to get a good salary was his whole purpose in going to Texas, he had just as well stay where he was until he died; but if he felt that God had a work in Texas for him, after much prayer over the subject, then go to Texas and God would open doors for him and friends would rise up with willing hands to aid him.

One man said: "I have heard Talmage, Beecher and Moody; all the big preachers of the East, but I never heard a sermon that excelled the sermons from that Texas preacher."

Another one said: "He certainly has preached some fine sermons, but that man is certainly a refugee from justice, because if he was alright some city church would call him and pay him a good salary, but he is certainly a bad man or he would not be out here preaching to these poor people who are not able to pay but little." So it goes from day to day, sunshine and shadows are always near each other and while one may applaud another will abuse or condemn. Then success in life depends not on what others say, but for us forever to cling to the eternal principles of truth each day that comes, for the lips which applaud today may condemn tomorrow; for the Jews at one time wanted to make Jesus king, while only a short time after they crucified Him.

CHAPTER XII.

SOME SORE TRIALS.

In the winter of 1893 the brethren of Mertens' Baptist church aided me in building a small house, into which I moved in February, 1894. A few days before I moved from Whitney a good brother remarked to me, "Brother Anderson, I could not stand the trials which I know you have bravely stood, no more than I could fly."

I said to him, "God tries our faith and leads us through afflictions to bring or draw us nearer to Him, and Jesus stood more sorrow than any of us are called upon to stand that sinners might be saved, and God, who calls us to go through trials, will drive the darkest clouds away and all will be bright some day. (Psa. 84: 11.) I lived at Mertens three years. While I lived at Mertens I assisted pastors in meetings in Hill and adjoining counties and various parts of the State.

In the year 1894 over four hundred were added to the churches where I held meetings. Some of these meetings I did all the preaching; in others the pastor did half or a part of the preaching. The number who joined the churches where I was called to preach the other two years while I lived at Mertens were about the same. In building the house at Mertens I was forced to go in debt and the contributions for my services at the various meetings that I held were not sufficient to meet the obligations above the support of my family.

When I moved to this little town I announced in our two Baptist papers that I would devote my time to evangelistic work and would be glad to aid pastors who would need aid in holding meetings. A brother preacher who had quit preaching, as he said, "because the churches did not want him," said to me after he read my articles in the papers: "I see you have gone into the evangelistic work just for the money there is in it; if you get plenty of money let me know and I will enter it, too." He made some severe remarks about evangelists in general which I regretted to hear. I told him when God would not longer bless my preaching to the salvation of souls I would want to quit preaching or die.

I had just closed a good meeting in which about fifty were converted and added to the church by baptism. He went on to make sport of my preaching and work in general which caused me to ask myself the question: "Why is this brother offended at me?" but

I could not call up or think of one unkind word I had ever said against or about him on any occasion.

Another brother told me in Hillsboro one day that this same preacher was in favor of taking the credentials away from all evangelists and not let them preach unless they were called as pastor of some church. At that time our two Baptist papers, published in Texas, were going against each other and to the candid thinking membership of the denomination it seemed that it was on account of the money there was in the paper business. Each paper had its friends, and this bitter feeling increased until it was a shame, but I will let others more worthy write this history; but because they were bitter against each other I asked the editors to please stop my papers because I did not want my children to read them while they were quarreling with each other.

While God blessed my work as a minister wonderfully, there were other causes why the churches where I labored could not contribute enough money to meet my obligations coming due. There were two preachers who were not preaching to any church who were apparently bitter against me, and now a climax was reached—notes were due and some small accounts also, so I sold my two horses, also a good two-horse hack and everything else that I owned to pay up all I owed, but yet I could not settle in full. I still owed one hundred and thirty dollars.

One of these preachers who was bitter against me said, "If we do our duty now, we will take Anderson's credentials and make him stop preaching."

So he preferred charges against me in the church: First, not paying my debts; second, not providing my children with clothes so they could attend school. I was notified of the charges. I said to the brothers, "I have paid out all the money I could raise to pay up my debts, instead of buying a good supply of clothing, hoping that I could a little later arrange so my children could go to school. I have sold my horses and everything I could do without, to pay up and good monied friends have proposed to make good notes at the banks, either in Hillsboro or Itasca, if they would loan the amount I needed, but the banks would not loan money to anyone because cotton had dropped to four cents, and the banks were strained. Now, I am sorry that such charges are against me in the church, when God knows I have done all in my power to meet all my obligations, and I know these charges are made against me by those preachers who two years ago said I must give up my credentials and quit preaching."

The next meeting day I was at home and in conference I explained my condition and told the church that the banks would not loan any money, so I had failed to meet the obligation due. I gave the names of three or four men of wealth who would make the notes good if I could borrow the money from any bank or individual. I stated that perhaps someone present might tell me where I could borrow the money, with the aid of men of wealth on the notes, but no one could. When my side of the case was examined, the church was satisfied, and the charges were dismissed.

When this was done, the preacher who was so bitter against me jumped up and made a speech that I think the devil was proud to hear. He accused the brethren of the church of being fickle-minded, of being two-faced, etc., and said that he would not be satisfied until I was deposed from the ministry. He charged me with things I was not guilty of, which I denied and called for proofs of his charges, but he failed to give any. He said his word was sufficient. He had broken up another church near, where he would not listen to others, and it seemed he was determined to rule now in this church, and ruin me or the church.

I never was in a better spirit or humor in my life than I was at that time. I was sorry for him. I knew he was wrong, but no one could get him to see any other way. He asked the church to assemble early that night, with conference still open, when my papers as a minister would be demanded. That night the house was crowded—all came to see how the matter would be settled. Remember the charges were made against me one month before, and in the meantime I had been to see some ministers and had written to others to get their advice as to what I should do. All the ministers that I sought counsel of said the church would have a right to withdraw fellowship from me if I was guilty of un-Christian conduct, but otherwise they would not have the right to take my credentials without a council of ministers.

I stated to the church that night, "If they wanted my papers, the church must call a council of ministers, and if they recommended that I surrender to them my papers, I was willing to do so, but otherwise I would not surrender my papers."

This statement made some of the members mad, and they joined the mad preacher against me. I knew I had four friends in that congregation to each person who was against me. I earnestly prayed that God would give me grace to bear all they could say against me without getting angry. The preacher, who was a member of the church, made one bitter speech after another against me. I became uneasy for his personal safety for fear some of my friends in the audience would assail him with something more severe than words.

Nothing I could say would satisfy a few of them now, and I must surrender my papers and let the church keep them for me; this I refused to do. At last the vote of the church was called for and each member who was in favor of me giving up my paper must stand up. There were one hundred and three members and twenty-seven rose up while the rest remained in their seats. Then a number of speeches were made and then those who were not in favor of me giving up my papers should rise. A number said they thought the whole proceedings were wrong and would not vote either way.

One brother, Prof. W. G. Beaver, rose up, with tears rolling down his cheeks, and said:

"Brethren, I have known Brother Anderson for five years. I have heard him preach often and have known

Christians to get happy and shout while he was preaching, and more sinners have been converted in his meetings than under any preacher in the county, and I would suffer my right arm to be cut off before I would vote against him. A man who will quit secular work at $75 per month to devote his life to winning souls from sin to Christ, as he has done, should be aided all we can instead of trying to hinder or injure him, and I vote 'No' that I want to sound over Texas."

After several had made speeches against Brother Beaver, I rose and made them a talk. I told them God would show them some day that they had done wrong and he would punish them in some way; that I was sorry I was not able to settle my accounts in full, but I would do this; another thing, I would move away from the town in the near future and I felt that God would sustain me and give me friends wherever I went.

The next day at church a number of friends who were at church the night before came to me and spoke words of cheer and handed me cash. One said as he handed me money, "Times are hard, indeed, but here is money to meet your needs for your family; if this is not enough, come and get what you need."

On Monday following a gentleman who lived in the town and owned a large farm near said to me, "You said yesterday you were going to move away from here; now, we have been talking about you and your work since this church affair came up. If you will decide to remain here and still preach as you have done in this section we will buy the place you have let go to satisfy your creditors; we will also buy you two good horses and a buggy, or a better hack than the one you sold and cows enough to give your family all the milk and butter they need; in short, we will make you comfortable." I told him that his kind offer was appreciated, but I felt it was my duty to move away and my wife did not want to live here any longer, where she would from day to day see those who had been so bitter against me.

"I have arranged to move near Houston, and if you will aid me to move there is all that I will ask now of my friends."

I heard my friends abuse those who were so-bitter against me on the night of conference above referred to. I can never forget those friends who were so kind to me during those dark days. I received letters from brethren in different parts of the State containing words of cheer and aid. The brethren of churches near said they would bring up my case in the Association and have the church to rescind her act demanding my credentials, but I begged them to let it alone; that I did not care any more for it than I did the decrees of the devil in hell.

When I went to leave the church offered to give me a letter in full fellowship and good standing. This letter I refused because, according to their own conduct toward me, it contained a falsehood.

With many letters of recommendation from able ministers who knew all the circumstances, and stating that I was worthy and a faithful worker, etc., I moved from Mertens to near the little town of Westfield in Harris County, eighteen miles from the city of Houston. I moved away from Mertens in March and in May a cyclone came upon the town and the church building in which they had that conference was blown into splinters and kindling wood, the house that a man forced me to give up at half price and in which I had lived was treated the same way. I wrote to those men after the cyclone I was glad and thankful, indeed, that the Lord made me move before the cyclone came.

I lived near Westfield for four years and God blessed my work wherever I preached. I took my credentials and letters of recommendation from the ministers who knew all about my church trial, and presented myself for membership in a church that soon called me as their pastor. This church was at Clodine, which church I served for three years.

CHAPTER XIII.

A TRIP TO THE ABILENE COUNTRY.

While I lived at Mertens I had been invited and begged to come to the Abilene country and hold some meetings with churches in Taylor and Jones Counties. I was speaking of this one day in the presence of Mr. G. W. Savage, who lived near Hubbard City, whereupon he remarked, "Would you not like to take a trip out there with me, as I am going soon?"

I thought over the trip and decided to go with him, so we went in my hack and drove two good horses. Mr. Savage was not a church member, yet liberal and kind to the poor. He would sometimes take, as some say, a toddy.

When we reached Hillsboro he met with a lot of his friends, and when they learned I was going with him to his western ranch, they laughed and said to him, that he was taking the preacher with him so the people with whom he staid all night would not charge him, but this was never thought of by Mr. Savage.

I had asked him before we left home how far would he want to travel per day; he said twenty-five or thirty miles, that would be far enough, because he would want to ride his horse after he reached the

CATTLE IN THE ABILENE COUNTRY

ranch. We only traveled about thirty miles the first day, because we did not start very early and then we had stopped in Hillsboro to have the horses shod, but the second day we went forty-five miles. I said to him, "We are driving a little too hard, are we not?"

"Yes; perhaps we had better not drive so hard to-morrow." The next night we found that we had traveled about fifty miles, but the roads were good and the horses in good trim. We made from fifty to sixty miles per day, and we happened to call to stay all night with two friends of mine as we went out, that I had not seen for several years. They would not take any money for lodging and not a single one wanted to charge us for staying all night, but if the man would not take the money Mr. Savage would give one or two of the girls one dollar and a half each, or he would lay the money on the table and refuse to take it back, so I fear that my being with him caused him to pay out more money than he would have paid if he had been by himself.

I was called upon by the gentleman with whom we were stopping for the night to read the Bible and pray with the family, with only one exception, as we went out.

Mr. Savage always would have me inquire if we could stay all night, and one evening, when we were in a section of country where houses were scarce, we called at a house a little while before sundown to know if we could stay with the occupant for the night. The gentleman told us he did not want to take us in, but it was five miles to the next house, and we offered to pay him well.

"No," said he. "You can stay, but I will not charge you anything." We were glad because our horses had traveled about sixty miles that day and we did not want to drive them another five miles.

This gentleman, when he learned that I was a preacher, was free to express his sentiments about the church, and he told some "yarns" on the preachers that he had known.

I replied to his remarks against the church and the Bible in a pleasant but firm manner. He did not have a Bible in his house, neither did he want one, and we were shown our room without praying with the family.

I relate these facts because people talking about people way out West, or when you are in other States, the Texas people are so wicked that they will not respect a preacher if they were to see one.

The next morning when I asked what our bill was this gentleman said, "I told you last night that you could stay without money just as well as with it;" and he refused to take any and would not let his little boy have what we made him a present of, but said that we could stay on our return trip if we so desired. "Because," said he, "I had a pleasant chat with the preacher, and I will have another talk fixed by the time you return."

After we were on our journey Mr. Savage said he would never call to stay with that man again if he could help himself, because he was so unkind to me and told things unpleasant about preachers, just as though I were responsible for what all preachers did.

I said to him that Jesus was reviled and put to death by the very ones He came to save, and I did not mind the remarks of this new friend, because he was otherwise kind to us.

We reached the ranch, thirty-five miles west of Abilene, without anything unusual happening. When we arrived we found everyone in the vicinity who owned horses on the range ready for the great round-up of the spring, but the news soon spread over the community that there was a preacher at Mr. Geo. Gant's ranch.

The next day after we arrived, in the evening several gentlemen who had been rounding up their cattle, penned them at Mr. Gant's to brand them. I walked down to the pen and was introduced to all of the new men. They had been told there was a preacher at the house and that he claimed to have been raised in the saddle after stock.

One proposed to bet all the cattle he had in the pen that I was a fraud. Another offered to bet that I was a gambler who Mr. Savage had brought along with him to win all his expense money.

Of course all this passed before I reached the pen. I found them a jolly good set of stockmen. One asked me if I could rope. I said I was once second to but few, but I had not used the rope in quite a while and I knew I was not in practice. I had noticed that none of them were really good with the lasso.

I by invitation tried my hand and caught by the feet; all were watching every move I made. One of them soon remarked, "I don't know so much about your preaching ability, but I know you can beat anyone here catching yearlings by the feet." Then they began to ask questions how it was I quit the stock business and went to preaching and where I had run stock and other similar questions.

After we had branded the cattle, they asked me when I was going to preach in their vicinity. I told them where I had agreed to preach, but they wanted to hear me preach before they went on the round-up after the horses. I told them if I could get a congregation I would preach that night.

"All right; we will get you a crowd tonight." There was a large schoolhouse about three miles from the ranch. This jolly good crowd of new friends rode out in different directions to tell the people that there would be preaching that night at the schoolhouse by a preacher who was raised in the stock business.

"I don't know what kind of preacher he is, good or bad, but he can throw the lasso like an old-time cow-puncher," and other remarks of that kind were made that evening as they told the people of the meeting.

The country around this ranch was a rough mountainous section, with beautiful valleys of rich land here and there, so one could not see far either way unless he was in one of these beautiful valleys, and while I was told quite a number of people lived near, I could not see any houses from the ranch.

When I reached the schoolhouse that night I saw carriages and buggies all around and where the people came from I did not know, but they were there to hear the new man preach who could throw the lasso and catch the wild cow. I was introduced to several who were members of the Baptist and Methodist churches. The brethren gave me a hearty welcome.

Now, people talk about the rough, wicked people who live in Texas, in the country of big cow ranches, often as though they were only half civilized. Before me sat a congregation of refined people; the singing was good and the best of behavior by everyone present. I enjoyed preaching to them and at the close of the sermon quite a number wished to know if I could not preach again the next night.

They pressed me to preach in such a way, stating that they had not heard a sermon or saw a preacher in so long that they wanted me to preach again. I called to the congregation to please be seated for a few minutes, which they promptly did. I then made them a talk and told them of the places that I had agreed to preach and hold meetings before I returned home and told them I was willing to preach for them a week if they wanted me to, and would and could attend.

A few arose and stated how they felt in the matter and I was called on to put the question to the entire audience. They decided that they would come to church at least for a week. The round-up was postponed for the meeting.

During this meeting of five days some men brought their families twenty-five miles and remained until it closed. Many Christians were made happy during the meetings and sinners were saved, and before I had preached five days at this schoolhouse in the mountains, I had received invitations enough to keep me preaching six months if I had agreed to go.

One brother said to me, "I thought you must be a fraud when I first saw you, but that idea is all gone now, and I want you to go to my town and preach one week at least at my expense. I will carry you there in my carriage, give you a nice room in my home, the best the market affords, and pay you twenty-five dollars myself and I think I can get two or three others to pay you that amount."

This brother lived in Ozona in Crockett County, about one hundred and eighty miles away. I wanted to comply with his request, but it was impossible, for I had other appointments that I must fill.

At the close of this meeting the stockmen said I must go with them a few days on the round-up because I needed some rest from preaching before I commenced another meeting. I told them I would not be worth my feed as a hand because I did not know the range and would get lost, but I decided to go a few days with them, as I wanted to see that country, which was so beautiful, before I left it.

The first day's run I managed to get into camp all right without any misfortune during the day, but one man's horse stepped into a "dog hole." The man was hurt in the fall so he had to lay up a few days and his horse was crippled.

During this day I saw my first bunch or herd of antelopes. They were certainly beautiful, but all were too busy after wild horses to chase the antelopes or even halt long enough to shoot one.

There were quite a number of badgers in the country we were in and I had expressed a desire to see one and would like to carry one back home with me. There was a Mexican in our crowd that seemed to like me and he chased a herd of wild horses so far that day that his horse failed and he had to lead him back to camp, and he cut across the mountain the nearest way; while leading his horse over the mountain he saw a badger and caught it.

I soon found that the badger was very bad to fight, and as we had no cage or suitable way to take care of it, we were forced to either kill it or set it free, and all said, "kill it," and soon there was one badger less. I never had a desire since to capture one.

I staid with them on the round-up only three days, but I was treated with great kindness by all. In this time we had gathered many horses and I can say there were many fine animals in the herd.

While out with them I met for the first time Uncle Bob Ferguson, who lived at Brandon in Hill County, but had a large horse ranch in Jones County. He had on his range about five thousand head of horses, as I was told. He had been in the horse raising business all his life and was now over seventy years old, yet he was still riding the range. I found him very pleasant to converse with and he could tell of many narrow escapes he had with range work, robbers and thieves.

I will here relate one of his narrow escapes from death. He had sold all the cattle he had on the range in the Abilene country and had received the pay in cash—nearly ten thousand dollars—and he decided to take this money and go home—nearly three hundred miles away—and spend the winter with his family at Brandon, Texas. His friends advised him to go to the nearest express office and send the money home by express, but he would not take their advice, so selecting two old ponies and having the money concealed under his clothes, he left the ranch late one evening alone. It was soon known that Uncle Bob had left for home and some bad men heard of it and heard that he had a large sum of money with him, but neither of these bad men knew Uncle Bob personally, and they decided to follow him and get his money. They had him pictured out in their minds how this great horse raiser and rancher would look, but they were badly mistaken. They overtook him one evening. One said to him, "Old man, where are you going?" Uncle Bob told them he was going down East to see if he could get some kind of work to do, as times were hard out West where he lived and his old ponies he hoped to sell so he and his wife would have something to live on the coming winter. He wore an old hat, rundown shoes, and otherwise his garb seemed to say "he is old and poor." After riding some miles with him and hearing his tale of hardships the would-be robbers, three in number, took up a collection among themselves to help this old man, and the three galloped ahead, to overtake the wealthy cow man who had a large sum of money on him. He reached his home without anything happening to him or his money.

In the country embraced in the counties lying adjacent to Abilene the land is rich, with mountains here and there, with fertile valleys dotted with ranches and nice farms, but most of the settlers are engaged more or less in raising stock. The farmers of this section, like many others in the West, have to contend with the "prairie dogs." These little pests are to be found by the thousands. They live in "towns" and their town may cover one acre or it may cover twenty acres or more. It is said when they raise a lot of young, which is every spring, the old dogs will drive out the young ones so they leave the old or mother town in a drove and go out to build them a town. Wheat fields or oats or any other crop they should come upon they destroy, and the dogs go farther and farther away from their towns as they eat out the grass and in this way they find the farmer's growing crop, and unless they are checked or killed out with poison, that farmer will not gather much if any crop from that field.

As I said before, the old dogs drive out the young ones to establish a new town. I am not certain about it. Some say the old dogs leave the young dogs in possession of the old town, while they go out to·build a new one, but there is an emigration from these old towns annually and many new towns are made each year in the section where prairie dogs abound. They make their town by burrowing holes in the ground a few steps apart. They live in pairs, and generally each pair raises four little dogs per year, so they increase rapidly. In some counties the people living in the county have united to exterminate them by poisoning, but it takes a united effort to rid the county of these pests. They destroy much grass and the stockman wants them off the range. Then another reason the stockman wants them destroyed is that these towns are dangerous to run over, because their horses step into the "dog holes" and down goes horse and rider. Sometimes neither is seriously hurt, while again one or the other may be crippled for life.

These little dogs cannot run very fast, but it is hard to cut one off from his hole, as he feeds near; if you approach he runs towards his hole and should you proceed towards him he runs in and all the dogs around will do the same, and as you ride away they will put out their heads with care and look around and if you are far enough away, they sit up on the little mound of dirt near their hole and bark with great fury at you. Sometimes as you are traveling along you will not see a dog, when all at once a turn in the road or rising on higher ground you will come in view of a thousand, perhaps, because they appear to cover the ground as far as you can see.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TRIALS AND GOOD THINGS THAT CAME TO PASS WHILE I LIVED AT WESTFIELD.

OUR GETHSEMANES.

For every one of us sooner or later the Gethsemane of life must come. It may be the Gethsemane of struggle and poverty and care; it may be the Gethsemane of long and weary sickness; it may be the Gethsemane of farewells that wring the heart by the death-beds of those we love; it may be the Gethsemane of remorse and of well-nigh despair, for sins that we will not, but which we say we cannot overcome. Well, my brethren, in that Gethsemane—aye, even in that Gethsemane of sin—no angel merely, but Christ Himself, who bore the burden of our sins, will, if we seek Him, come to comfort us. He will if, being in an agony, we pray. He can be touched—He is touched—with the feeling of our infirmities. He, too, has trodden the wine press of agony alone; He, too, has lain face downward in the night upon the ground; and the comfort which then came to Him He has bequeathed to us—even the comfort, the help, the peace, the recovery, the light, the hope, the faith, the sustaining arm, the healing anodyne of prayer.

"Beyond the great salt fount of tears,
A garden lies. Strive as you may,
You cannot miss it in your way.
All paths that have been, or shall be,
Pass somewhere through Gethsemane.
All those who journey soon, or late,
Must pass within this garden gate;
Must kneel alone in darkness there,
And battle with some fierce despair.
God pity those who cannot say
"Not mine, but Thine;" who only pray
"Let this cup pass," and cannot see
The purpose of Gethsemane.

—*Dean Farrar.*

In the last chapter I told you of the church trial and of leaving Hill County.

One day while talking over church affairs with Bro. W. S. Napier, deacon of the First Baptist Church in Houston, he said: "If I were a preacher, I would like to be thrown out where I had no one to appeal to but the Lord; where, if the Lord did not send aid I would suffer; then if I was supplied, I would know that the Lord was guiding and caring for me." Whereupon I replied that I certainly had been placed in just that condition.

I now write this chapter to cheer others who may be compelled to go through sore trials.

I reached the house which I had rented about two miles from Westfield late in the evening, after taking dinner with Bro. Mac Taylor, who met us at the depot and carried us down to the place in the evening, after dinner with him. We had enough cooked for supper and breakfast, but only fifty cents in money. Now it looked gloomy indeed.

We were without chairs, bedsteads or a stove to cook on, but I knew the Lord would provide some way and after thanking the Lord for his mercies and begging Him to provide for us, we made our beds down on the floor and rested well. The next day some brethren came to help me plant a garden, repairing and cleaning up the place and each brought some provisions for us. We borrowed some skillets and a frying pan and my wife cooked out in the yard just like we were in camps.

I went down and preached at the little church the following Sunday, where I had held a meeting two years before, but the pastor, when I had told him of my church troubles in Hill County, became angry because the brethren let me preach there and said a great deal about me. I told him he was wrong, I did not want his church; I only wanted the privilege to live in the county and I was going to do that, it made no difference what he said.

There were two other Baptist preachers and all four of us were a sorry set. I would go to hear them preach and it looked like my presence in the congregation made them nervous, but I must be at work as I told them I came to preach and I was going to do so or die trying.

It was six miles over to Spring, a small town "where they would not let a preacher preach." I walked over there and made an appointment. There were only four persons in the first service. I told them I would preach again at 4 p. m. At the afternoon service about twenty were present. I told them I would be back to preach again next Sunday, and a good congregation was out. There was no one to sing or no one to lead in prayer.

The people seemed to enjoy the sermon. I told them of my condition and a collection was taken and I became their preacher. The house was crowded from then on while I preached for them, once a month. I soon had three other places to preach, too. I rented the big dance halls and I took my daughter to lead the music, as I had bought a valise organ on the installmen plan and crowds would gather to hear the music. They would contribute their nickels, dimes and dollars. I had the pleasure of seeing one of the dance halls turned into a church, others were forsaken and rotted down, while one was burned up after I preached against the dance. Some people became enraged when I preached against the dance and said they were going to whip me. I told them to kiss their wives good-bye, make peace with God and order their coffins before they went to whip me because if I had to fight I would die before I would give an inch.

I had the crowd and I was talked about every way and by all classes of people. Many came out who never did attend a religious service before. The preachers were all bitter against me and one poor little stewed up chunk of a preacher went to Spring, telling the people they ought not to allow me to preach there, and spent the day talking with the leading citizens against me; that I was not in good standing, etc., etc.

They told this preacher that I had got all the people to come out for service; that I was the only preacher who ever came there that the people would come out to hear, and they did not care what others said;

I was their choice and they were well pleased with me. That people fed and clothed my family with their contributions, and I love them yet for their kindness.

I aided the pastor of the first church in Houston in a meeting when over one hundred was added to the church, and I made my home by special invitation with Deacon Captain Frank Fox.

The preacher of Westfield came to Houston when he heard I was in the meeting at First Church and told the deacons and pastor I was a bad man. When Capt. Fox said: "Well give us more men like Anderson," and the preacher was so confused that he returned home without getting the church to kick me out of the meeting.

Soon after this I was called upon to marry a couple and the preacher told the young man I had no authority to marry a couple and I would be arrested and sent to jail; besides he would not be legally married. The young man came to me the day of the wedding telling me all that had been said, and finished by saying, "I don't want to get you into trouble." I showed him my credentials and told him I did not fear any trouble.

The next day after the wedding that preacher went to the constable and tried to get him to arrest me and take me to jail. "Well, you must go before the justice, making oath to these facts and when a warrant is placed in my hands I will take him to jail, but I can not arrest him on your word." So, again, the preacher had to return home in disgust.

I decided that they had reached the limit when it was my time to tell them something in a way that they would not forget it soon; so I informed them they had treated me as if I was a worse man than a cow thief; they had done their best to keep people from contributing so my family could have the things that was needed for their comfort, and if they opened their mouths against me again I would make them prove their base accusations against me in open court or sign a lie bill.

I preached a special sermon to "men only," and one of those preachers came. When there was more than one dozen up in the altar for prayer, I called upon him to lead in prayer, and he refused. Good men said if a preacher could not and would not pray under such circumstances he was not fit to preach to them any more.

During this first year at Westfield, I preached for the church at Clodine and had to come to Buffalo Bayou to baptize those who united with the church. Among those baptized was Grandma Wilson, who was born and raised in Harris County and had not heard but three sermons in her life until she came to my meeting and was converted. I had the pleasure of baptizing with her about forty others. A great crowd gathered there because many had never seen anyone baptized before.

The second year at Westfield I went up to Hockley, my old home, to preach ten days. The people heard me with marked attention and Christians were revived; no one was saved during the meeting that I know of, but when they took a collection it made my poor heart beat with joy, while tears of gratitude rolled down my cheeks. Two good horses, plenty of furniture for the house and a big roll of five-dollar bills were given to me for my disposal.

There are some names I would like to put down here, but they say, "No." One friend said I ought to have been kicked for not coming there when I needed everything so badly.

I was called to preach at Port Bolivar, just across the Bay from Galveston, the second year I lived at Westfield.

The word of God has to be burned into our very being and we must learn to bear our cross without complaining, and it is only while going through trials and sorrows that we learn to lean upon the Arm that never fails and then we learn that Jesus is a friend that "sticketh closer than a brother"; so, kind reader, whatever your troubles are, go alone in secret and tell it all to Jesus.

While I was a student in Baylor University, under Dr. W. C. Crane, D. D., L. L. D., at Independence, Texas, Maj. Penn, the great evangelist, was invited by the church to come there and hold a meeting. A large arbor was built and many people came and camped. More than four hundred people were converted and baptized (and only the person being put under the water, i. e., the body covered up, is the baptism taught in the Bible. I don't care what any man says to the contrary).

That great man of God, near the closing hours of that great meeting, stood up with tears in his eyes and said: "I want all you who pray to pray for me, because I am abused, criticized and condemned by many preachers, while I never have gone to any church or place to preach without an invitation and from two hundred to seven hundred have united with the churches in my meetings and God in Heaven knows I want to serve Him and don't want any pastor's church. Why so many preachers are bitter against me I don't know."

I sat there astonished at his statements in a measure, yet I had read in the papers what some had said against him.

I then and now will try to pray for any man who will lead men to Christ and turn them from perdition.

Rev. B. N. Briggs of Del Rio said to me last April: "Baptist preachers are prejudiced against each other and I have seen articles in the papers written by preachers that no preacher ought visit members of another preacher's church or families which belong to another preacher's church until the pastor is notified. I believe they call this 'Ministerial Ethics.' "

That is a piece of red tape that I never did nor never will notice, as I hold that a gentleman can visit any family or persons he wants to and especially if he is welcomed by the family or person. Such articles smell of Rome to me and only sorry, very narrow-minded men write them.

Some time something will blaze out in your life which will both amaze and disgust you. Several just such things have happened to me. I told the church at Clodine that there were places which I felt needed me much worse than they did, for them to call another preacher, and they soon found one who was nearly as poor as I was when I moved to Westfield. The brethren moved him into Hodges Bend neighborhood, near Clodine, and supplied his needs (which was alright). One of my good friends from Hill County told this new preacher that I was not an ordained minister, my papers had been taken away, etc.

On the next meeting day he told the church (which was mainly composed of members that I had baptized): "Mr. Anderson is a fraud and imposter. I cannot afford to preach to you as a church until I baptize you and then organize you into a church. Mr. Anderson does not possess the credentials of a minister." He took up an hour in telling that congregation the bad things on me and concluded by saying: "All of you that want to be baptized so you will be in good standing, just come up and take a front seat."

Some of them did not know what to do, because they all thought so much of me and to hear that after I had preached for the church more than two years, but Bro. Pat Furlow thought he saw the devil's feet sticking from under the curtain, so he arose and said: "We are new in this church business and I oppose any more or further abuse of Bro. Anderson until he is present, and I will have him here in ten days if I can find him."

I lived about forty miles away, so Bro. Furlow started after me next morning and reached Houston before noon, while I on my way home from preaching in a nearby town, reached Houston and we happened to meet on the street. He told me all the preacher said and added: "Some of the people don't know what to think and we want you to come over the first day you can to straighten things out."

"Oh! I will be there as soon as you can get the people word and get them to church. I will be there Thursday night. Now you do me one favor; get every person in the country who knows me or has heard of all this stuff he told the people. It will be a lovely moonlight night and the roads are good. If you let the people know I am coming the house will be full and," I concluded, "you must have that preacher with all his knowledge, the facts and proofs of these things there and tell him for me I will open my mouth and say something when I get there."

This Brother, who I love today after knowing him fourteen years, certainly let the preacher and the people know I was coming.

I was on time and so happy to meet these dear brethren and sisters after being away from them for several months. I was introduced to the preacher. I said to him: "Brother, I am really glad to see you, but

I am sorry you have let the devil use you so much here lately." I was laughing and after speaking to all, I called for a song. After the song I said to them: "All of you know why I am here and my business tonight, and I am delighted to see you here and to be here myself. It becomes my painful duty to defend the work I have done here and if I can forever settle whether you have been baptized by a gentleman or a fraud. I want to here ask all of you to not mistreat this preacher because he has been misled, etc., etc. I feel more like helping him on and up in the world than crushing him and before I say one word in my own defense, I beg you, my friends, to treat him with kindness." After prayer, during which I asked all who could to get upon their knees. Then I laid my credentials on the table and asked the clerk and deacons to come up, read them and inspect them. This they readily did and they stated to me they had never seen a minister's ordination papers before. I asked the minister to come up and look at them, then asked him if he knew any of the twelve men whose names were signed by themselves. He replied in the affirmative, saying the papers were all right.

I then turned to and read the 46th Psalm, commenting on the 1st, 2nd, 7th and 11th verses for forty minutes, in which sermon or speech I answered every charge that had been brought against me, and added a few others of which they had never heard. I closed by asking again all present not to mistreat this poor preacher who so belittled me in this very house last Sunday. "He needs our prayers, his wife and children need our sympathy, but I do ask anyone here tonight that if another minister of the Baptist denomination should come here and tell you people that I am not an ordained minister of the Baptist denomination, you tell him to leave and if he does not, if you will kick him through one of these windows or out that door I will pay your fine, if it takes the last cow or horse I own to pay it." Then my poor heart swelled with praise to the mighty God, who will hear and answer the prayer of any earnest soul beneath the diamond-decked dome of Heaven, who steals alone and pours out their troubles to Him who is merciful. Oh! downcast soul, whatever your troubles are, tell them to Jesus, who died to save you.

Mr. Dabney Walker, who had attended all the services I ever held there, said: "I thought I had heard Anderson preach some good sermons, but I did not think that it was in him to preach such a sermon as he did tonight; but he has surprised me time and again, for one day he came out to my pen when we were roping horses and said he could beat anyone in the crowd catching by the forefoot or neck, and to the surprise of all he, by his skill with the rope, was admitted the champion of the crowd."

Before I dismissed I asked the preacher if he wished to say anything; if so, I would be glad to heat it now.

He came to the stand and said: "I never have been so misled in my life as I have in this affair. I believe Bro. Anderson has done a work in this section that no other man could have and would have done in this section. I believe that he is a Christian. He certainly has been persecuted and I here promise you that I never will say one word against him. His kind remarks about me and my sick family here tonight, after I said so much against him last Sunday, made me ashamed of myself and I publicly beg his pardon." I then and there told him in the presence of all that I knew he was misled and I had never had any hatred or hard feelings against him. The next day we met and had a private talk. We prayed and wept together, but he still insisted that he could never preach there again, and the only thing he could do was to leave this section of Texas. I told him: "I asked all last night to forgive you, for I was certainly sorry for your family." "Bro. Anderson," said he, "I fear I could not have done anyone as you did me, but their friendship is gone from me and I never can do any good here."

I bade him adieu about 1 p. m. to preach at a dance hall that night, about twenty miles away, where I had an appointment. As I drove on that evening I reviewed in my mind Spurgeon's lecture to "my students," and especially that statement: "Be much alone with God." Here is where we must fight out all our battles. I could but weep for joy and over the poor preacher who had broke his neck over such a poor, worthless man like me; neither of us had five hundred dollars worth of property and could not buy half our families needed to make them comfortable. The words of Paul cheered me: "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as having nothing and yet possessing all things." 2 Cor. 6:10.

I had a good audience at the hall that night and a few dollars were handed me at the close of the service.

Now, after fourteen years of toil, trying to hold up Christ to lost men and women, I am still toiling on from different rented homes near Houston. I have gone to many other churches in towns and cities, as well as to hold meeting in the country churches. We now have a few of the good things which make us reasonably comfortable. I have organized four churches and have baptized over one thousand converts into the Baptist churches in connection with the pastors I have aided. I cannot say that I have an easy day, but it has been work, work and toil, pressing onward and upward to Higher Grounds, and now I am not only educating my own children, but I want to build a college in South Texas so I can help educate many boys and girls by my toil; then at last go Home to rest with Jesus.

CHAPTER XV.

A DAY AT HIGH ISLAND.

This noted little town is situated on the Gulf & Interstate Railroad, almost half way between the cities of Galveston and Beaumont, the latter place being the great oil town of Texas.

While I was pastor of the Port Bolivar Church I was invited to come to High Island to hold a meeting of days. This was in 1899, the year before the great Galveston storm.

When I reached this place I soon learned some things that surprised me. The inhabitants of the place were most of them born and raised in Texas and the majority of them engaged in the stock business, while some were engaged in raising vegetables for the market. I can say the people gladly heard me preach and the services were well attended. The days I remained and preached I was treated with great kindness by all, and between the services I was escorted over the islands and shown some of the peculiarities of the place.

While it is called "Islands," the name is misleading. The Islands proper are bounded on the east by the Gulf of Mexico, while Galveston Bay lies to the west, and the "Islands" are very large hills on the peninsula, rising high above all the surrounding country. These high hills called "The Islands" cover three or four thousand acres of land, which is very fertile. There are beautiful groves of live oaks here and there over the "Islands."

Here I saw some of the largest trees of live oak I ever saw. In one of our tours around the "Islands" we went to the graveyard; in this city of the dead are buried a number of the Texas heroes. A number were with Houston at the battle of San Jacinto. Here also were the graves of some of the men who fought and helped to drive out from Galveston island the bold pirate LaFitte.

Capt. Cade, who owned more cattle than any other by far, said to me, "Anderson, you see those places here around the base of these hills where there is a peculiar grass growing." I informed him I had noticed them.

"Well, they are what we call here 'sink holes,'" said he. "When there is a high tide the water comes from the gulf about two miles away, up through those holes, or rather marshy places, and covers the land around with salt water and when the tide goes back the water returns to the gulf and dries up around them. While the grass is growing all over the surface it will hardly hold up a man's weight. If a cow or horse should run into one it would soon sink out of sight. A horse or cow which is raised here cannot be either driven or rode into one of those places."

I found that the sink holes varied in size from ten feet across to perhaps a hundred or more feet. Sometimes a large wild calf, if cut off from its mother and being chased, will run into one of them and soon sinks out of sight.

Several remarkable stories were told me concerning the mishaps they have caused. Once a poor man, moving with his family in a one-horse hack, stopped near one of the places for dinner and to let his horse graze; soon his horse was in one of the sink holes and a few minutes later was down out of sight. Parties who lived there and brought in stock from other places lost them in the same way, but not always, because stock would soon learn of the danger and shun them like a horse which has been cut on the barbed wire will shun the wire.

Here I saw my first gas well. I have forgotten how deep the well was dug, if I was told, but the water in the well stood within about ten feet of the top and while standing near the well, although you could not see the water, it was boiling up with such force that it seemed as though there were a lot of geese in the well. Mr. Smith, the owner of this well, had built over it a house and had run a gas pipe down in the well and then around the sides of the house, with gas jets arranged so you could fry eggs at one place, make coffee at another, etc. This was before oil was discovered near Beaumont.

The rest of the country around High Island is almost level and much of the surface during a wet time is covered with water, yet from what I could see and learn it was a fine range for cattle and thousands could be seen feeding over the surrounding country.

I think this will be one of the last ranges or ranch countries to be used for other purposes than raising cattle, from the fact that most of the land is too flat to raise a crop of any kind on, even rice.

About fifteen miles away is the large ranch of Mr. White, one of the wealthiest cow men of Texas, but I was unable to spare the time to visit his ranch.

There is one thing which torments and aggravates the new-comer in this section and that is the mosquitoes, which swarm at times by the multiplied thousands, and they annoy the stock very much, while the people use screen doors and windows or keep smokes in their houses all day, but this only at times.

Along the shores of the Gulf thousands of beautiful sea shells are found, and many are gathered and shipped away, while the people have their yards beautifully decorated with them and should any of you who read these lines ever visit High Island I think you will see things that will linger long in memory.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GALVESTON STORM OF SEPTEMBER 8, 1900.

There are but few readers who have not read more or less about the awful Galveston storm of 1900, but there is yet a great deal untold.

I became pastor of the only Baptist Church on Bolivar Peninsula in the spring of 1898 and served the church until the storm—nearly three years.

Our church was a large, well finished frame building constructed of best Louisiana pine.

I had about ten days before the storm closed a meeting of five days at Patten Beach, about ten miles from our church, where some of our members lived, and came home to rest a few days, and was to return and hold a meeting of days with the church at Port Bolivar, but I took a very high fever and was not able to go on the day appointed for the meeting, so sent a telegram to Brother Crenshaw, our clerk, saying I would be compelled to ask the church to postpone the meeting until next month on account of sickness.

Nothing but the fever kept me from going on to hold the meeting and I feel that God afflicted me to keep me out of the storm or from going into such a place, as I would in all probability have been drowned.

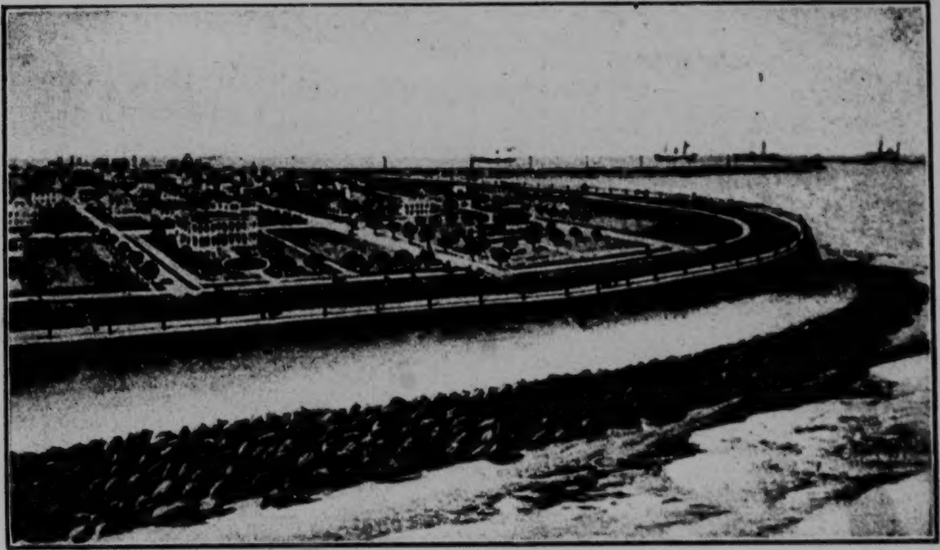
If I am right in my decision that God himself kept me out of the bad part of the storm, you might say, "Why would God keep one so small as you out of its central force, when ten thousand were drowned in and near Galveston?" My only answer is that He spared me for work He wanted me to perform and when this work is accomplished I may be finally in some great catastrophe equal to the Galveston storm. God's ways are past finding out.

Our large church was blown or washed down and one-half was carried into Galveston Bay and landed on the beach at Cedar Bayou, about sixty miles away. About thirty-five of my congregation were drowned and those who were left were made paupers, as far as wealth was concerned.

One family had all their horses, cattle, chickens and their dwelling and contents washed away, they themselves being still alive but without a change of raiment left.

Another family who owned about twelve hundred head of cattle, when the storm was over only seventy-five head remained, while whole families near, with houses, cattle, and all, were gone.

The new fort with the new barracks were about two miles from our church. There were only about fifteen



GALVESTON SEA WALL.

soldiers stationed there at that time and only one soldier lived through that awful night. These soldiers attended our services and I felt a great interest in their spiritual welfare.

The one who did survive said that while he was standing on the porch of one of the houses, watching the elements in their fury, he saw a great wave coming, bearing all before it. Soon there were no barracks standing and he found himself among a lot of wild steers that were washed from a pasture near by, and he mounted one of them and clung to him. This great wave rolled across the peninsula to the bay, a distance of about three miles, but the soldier still held on to the steer, until somewhere in the bay the steer ceased to exert himself and he had to leave him to keep from drowning. H soon caught a large log and rode it until his feet touched land when he stood up.

He had ridden the steer and log if in a straight line nearly fifteen miles. He was found the next day by the rescuers without clothes and considerably bruised.

I was living near Hockley at the time of the storm and there were only three or four houses left standing and all was confusion and distress. As soon as I could, I went down to Port Bolivar. As I had to go to Galveston and take the ferry boat, I had time to walk around and view the marks of the storm.

It is true, the dead were all buried and much had been done towards cleaning and opening streets, yet there were large houses in the middle of the streets, and some parts where once stood many fine homes were now covered with surging waves.

Most all the ladies I met while in the city that day were dressed in mourning. I saw some who were, like myself, looking at that desolate part of the city and stopped now and then to tell of the fine house that stood at such a place before the storm. I saw some of the ladies weeping for their departed loved ones.

Whenever that day I would find some member of our church and they would tell about this brother or that sister or their children getitng drowned, they would begin to weep and I could not help weeping. That day I can never forget, because I think I shed more tears than any day of my life.

When I reached Port Bolivar everythig was so changed—houses gone, the railroad washed away, and only a few people still living there. The other two churches I was serving as pastor were also ruined and the most of the members moved away from the coast region to North Texas, while some went to other

States. The railroads furnished free transportation for all who wanted to leave and many did move away. Those who did remain were without means to rebuild their homes at once, but by degrees they repaired them and today are very well fixed again, but as all the churches expected to pay me my salary in the fall of the year they had nothig to pay with and I was left by the storm without anything to live on. Money was sent from all parts of the nation to relieve the distressed ones and I, with thousands of others, had my immediate needs supplied. Multiplied hundreds were left without garments to wear until supplied with clothing by the rescuing parties and relief committees. Churches in all the small towns were blown to pieces and nearly every preacher left the country. I trust I shall never witness such another awful time. I could but feel for months afterwards but what I was at some funeral, for such a pall of gloom had settled over me I felt that I could not live to wear it off.

CHAPTER XVII.

BACK INTO THE SADDLE ON TEXAS COW RANCH.

In the chapter just read I stated that I was left by the Galveston storm without any means to live upon. I had been that way before, but I never had been in a section where no one was able to help their preacher.

The brethren who did remain where I had been serving churches before the storm wrote, "Brother Anderson, we would be glad to have you come and preach, but we can not even pay your railroad fare." Many such letters were received by me the year after the storm.

"Now, what must I do? I have a wife and eight children to support." I moved near the little town of Waller in November after the storm in September.

When a boy on the range I learned from Mexicans to make girths out of hair; also fancy bridles of the same material, so I went to work at this trade and we—myself and little boys—could make about $10 worth a day, minus the cost of material used. We began to see a way to keep the hungry wolf from the door. Many people had left the country and many houses were vacant and farms laying out, so rent was low.

SCENE ON WARREN'S RANCH NEAR HOCKLEY, TEXAS—SHOWING THE AUTHOR AND ONE OF HIS SONS

I made a small crop and sold over $200 worth of girths the year after the storm, 1901.

I was also employed to buy horses and mules for the English government, for the Boer war was then raging. I also aided in buying cattle, and, having the confidence of good stockmen, I was hired to take fat cattle to market and take trainloads to the Indian Territory. I was paid from $5 to $7.50 per day on the trips.

You know the Savior preached to one woman at the well who afterwards led the whole city to Christ (John 4:29), so I often preached to the other cow men while on the run to market with fat cattle or carrying trainloads to the Territory. On one occasion a wealthy gentleman was on the train and someone drew out his flask of "Bourbon drops." I said, "No, sir."

I preached them such a temperance sermon that before we parted he invited me to come to his city and preach a week and he would pay all expenses of the trip, but I could not change my arrangements. This gentleman lived near Denison, Texas.

When I was out buying cattle those who had heard of me would ask me to preach, which I always did if possible. I would preach every night and buy cattle during the day and when Sunday came all work stopped—stock in pastures—and I would preach at 11 a. m. and night.

I was at Evergreen in San Jacinto County on one of those cattle buying trips when Brother B. F. Ellis, who at that time lived there, said to me, "You are a preacher, I hear; is it true?"

"I have that title at home."

"Will you preach for us tomorrow?"

"If you will get me a congregation."

So it was told over the phone and around on all sides, "the cow man is going to preach tomorrow; come and hear him. We don't know anything about him, but come and hear him." And they did come.

A young gentleman wrote to a young lady where I was stopping to know "if he could have the pleasure of escorting her to hear the cowboy preach."

I went to church knowing only a few men I had met in the last few days before preaching. I told the audience I could tell the girls who the boys loved and boys who would like some good girl to love them by the way they listened, because the girl who did not behave at church was not fit to make a boy of good sense a suitable wife, and the boy who could not act right at church would not support a wife if he could get one. I had the best of attention. Quite a number of ladies and gentlemen came up and were introduced to me after the sermon and wanted me to preach again.

Such work as that preaching while out driving cattle or buying cattle caused the strangers to call me the "cowboy preacher," but the first time I was ever called the "cowboy preacher" was at the home of my uncle, Ed Anderson, near Camden, Ark.

A few days after preaching at Evergreen, we went down to Pelican on Santa Fe railroad in Tarkington Prairie. Here quite a number of men brought cattle to the herd we had now together. Mr. W. had paid them for their cattle and dinner was ready.

These men we invited to dinner with us, as we had a good cook and plenty to eat. They said, "We will go home for dinner; we do not want to impose on you; you are out here in camp."

"Come, we have a wagon load of grub; come on." So we all soon sat down to a real fine dinner, for the boys had driven the cattle to a tank to water, which the cattle had made very muddy so the fish arose to the top, and they had caught fifty pounds of fine trout.

All of our crowd took off their hats and waited for me to return "thanks to the bountiful Giver of all good." The invited guests seemed thunderstruck by this turn in affairs, but we all joined to make everyone feel welcome.

Before leaving the crowd, one of these men remarked in hearing of some of the boys: "Don't this beat any set of cow men you ever saw—one will cuss and the other one will pray before they eat. while all lift their hats during the short prayer." By this little act at the table before eating, I was advertised over the prairie as the "cowboy preacher."

One or two other incidents of that trip I will relate to show that it is not all sport to drive cattle in dry, hot weather. Early next morning we left Pelican, but during the day we stopped our herd to receive more cattle we had bought, and that night penned our cattle at Mr. Nick Jackson's. From the moves the cattle made that evening we were afraid that they would stampede that night. We all slept near the pen, but left Mr. Will Ivy to sit up and watch the herd until a certain hour, when another man was to relieve him. Near midnight they broke and Will called to us; in five minutes we were running around the pen singing any song we could think of. The pen was in the corner of his field of fine corn and cotton and should our cattle ruin this crop it would take all the profits for a year or two to settle with Jackson, but while the cattle knocked all middle fences out of the pens we were around in such a way that while one string of fence next the crops was laid low only a few head got into the corn and we surrounded and drove them back—this was luck indeed. Now all hands were required to walk around and sing until daylight. Some of our crowd smoked cigarettes and the pipe, but the boss said, "Boys, don't forget yourselves and strike a match around the pen."

These cattle were raised gentle by small farmers so there was no danger of them fighting any of us, but if one match had been struck they would have broke the pen and we would have never been able to get them again, because none of them had our brand on them.

We were all glad when the sun rose next morning. The boss said to me, "Anderson, when I send you ahead to get a pen don't get one joined to a farm. You ride up and see Mr. Jackson and ask him how much damage we are due him. If you think his bill is just, pay it; if you think it is unreasonable let me know and we will see what can be done. We do really regret our cattle getting into the farm."

I galloped to the house and Mr. Jackson said, "How many did you lose last night?" He was a cow man himself and knew what happened generally when the cattle stampeded at night.

"We did not lose a single animal; we were lucky indeed, and I am here to see how much cash we owe you for damages to your corn."

"Not one cent. I saw where a small bunch ran through the corn, but there was not two dozen stalks broken down. No, sir, no damage."

We were real proud and glad to know the damage was so light.

The next night we drove our herd five miles after dark, guided only by stars, to reach Mr. Pruit's pen near Dayton.

We ate supper about 12 o'clock that night, and all hands were very tired, but we must sit up with the cattle; they rested, too, but made a break every night afterward until we reached home.

The day after we left Pruit's we swam across the Trinity and then came the "tug of war."

The September storm had blown down almost every large tree.

I was to take the road ahead and try not to let a single one get away, while the boss was to keep up the rear.

When we had traveled four or five miles from the river and struck a little glade, captain came around and said to me, "Anderson, won't you take the rear and relieve me, because my horse has jumped ten thousand logs since we left the river."

"I certainly will," I replied. I saw he was like myself—had rather drive cattle on the prairie than the timber. His face was scratched, his hands were bloody and his clothes torn until he had to go to his valise at noon for others; but we reached open ground at last, and he counted the cattle and we still had our number of nearly seven hundred. He rode around and smiled at the boys and said, "I have not a sorry hand in my crowd." With many a cow man this would have been the time to have sent to the grub wagon for a quart of rock and rye, but none of that was drank in this crowd, but the boss felt he was lucky in not losing a single animal while coming through the bottom. He looked over the herd and rode back to me and said, "Anderson, I feel like killing the fatted calf, but we have none here; but yonder is a bunch of fat goats. Can't you ride out to the owner and buy a good one for dinner, for we are going to rest an hour or two, for there is no pen we can reach tonight." I soon found the owner and bought of him the pick of the flock, and our cook made haste to get dinner.

That night we herded our cattle on the open prairie.

The next day the boss told me to take the saddle horses on ahead and find water and report to him. I was soon on a little creek where there were about three barrels of water in a little hole. The now crazy horses jumped down the high banks and fell over one another in getting to this little pool of water, which they made so muddy in half a minute that it was not fit for any horse to drink. I, with difficulty, drove them on for two miles further where there was plenty of the best kind of clear water. I was so wearied that when I did get the horses away from the pool of muddy water I forgot to send word back to the boss, who was bringing the cattle behind me. This blunder of mine came near proving a serious loss, for when the famished cattle scented the water they made a run for it and piled over one another but they did not kill a one. It was a wonder that fifteen or twenty were not killed. It took three hours to get them away and drive them four hundred yards. When I got the horses to water I left them with one man to watch and hurried back to help on with the cattle. As I rode up I saw every horse covered with foam and every rider was tired and almost dead for water.

"Now, you played it; why didn't you send a runner back to tell me of that little mud hole of water. Why, we have almost killed every horse, and it is a wonder we did not kill a hundred head of cattle."

I regretted my bad blunder and took the rebuke as my just due, but I here state that I have made mistakes all along life's journey, but this one was a bad one indeed.

While out on one of these trips buying cattle, I drove up to a nice home in Montgomery County about 1 p. m. The gentleman met me at the gate. I told him my name and my business in calling. He asked me: "Are you the Preacher Anderson, the mule-selling Anderson, the steer-buying Anderson?"

"Yes, sir."

He turned to his wife who was standing on the gallery and said, "Vic, here is a hungry preacher; if you have any meat skins and other scraps put them on the table." Then turning to me he said, "Get out, I would be glad to sell you my steers." My team was soon in the stable and well fed. I said to him, "You may feed me on the scraps, but I am going to feed my horses good." His wife was sorry he spoke so rough to a stranger and apologized to me. I told her I knew a bad case when I saw it and I had been away from home before.

We were soon looking at the steers and when the steers were counted out to us, we soon drove away, while he thought "what shall I buy with two thousand—it is more money than I have had at one time in all my life."

He told his neighbors that Anderson knew a steer and could sell mules and horses, but didn't think he was much of a preacher.

He was right. We judge a man by the way we see him, while God looks at the heart and knows all our sorrows and desires.

In the early part of 1903 I made a trade with a good friend to run his ranch, or rather should say, to work under his orders and be boss in his absence. There were over ten thousand acres in pasture and near 200 acres in cultivation, the most of which was worked by tenants on shares. We branded nearly one thousand calves and sold about $25,000 worth of steers, $2,000 worth of mules and horses each of the two years I was on this ranch, near Hockley, the home of my boyhood. When we hired hands to help us in the round-up I told each of those employed that I was to do all the cursing while they were working for us. There was not a bottle of whiskey on the ranch while I was there that I saw or even heard of. If strangers came out to buy stock of any kind and began to curse I would tell them just to wait until they got outside of the front gate one mile from the pens to do their cursing.

When we made that trade for me to move to the ranch there were two things I was not to do. First, I was not to work on Sunday unless it was a case of necessity to relieve suffering stock, or where we had no control over the circumstances. Second, I was not to ride any horse of which I was afraid would buck too much. So I was permited to select my own mount of six good horses out of forty cow ponies. While two of my horses did a little bucking, I never left the saddle, yet I saw my three oldest boys thrown off several times, a thing no bucking horse ever did to their father.

I did put in two hard days' work on Sunday while on the ranch. The first day we worked on Sunday the boss was on the open range Saturday and found to his amazement that the cattle had emptied every tank outside the pasture. The cattle were just walking up and down the fence, lowing and trying to get inside, where there was water enough for 10,000 head, while there were not over 2,000 head of our cattle in this famished condition. The owner saw the condition about sundown on that Saturday evening. He rode up to the ranch and told me of the condition on the open range—cattle crazy for water and bogging and dying in the mud. He said, "I know our agreement, but I think this is a case of the 'ox in the ditch.' I would rather have you and your boys than any hands I might get tonight about town, but if you feel that it will be wrong for you and the boys to aid me tomorrow I will do the best I can without you, but my cattle must have water." I replied: "In this case I think my Savior, if he were here in person to speak, would say, 'Put those cattle where they can get to water.' So I will do all I can in this relief work." With a smile playing over his face, he drew a tight rein to hurry home to tell his lovely young wife and sweet girl, "I will not take dinner with you and our Houston friends tomorrow." As he rode away in a gallop he said, "Get down there early—leave 'Sundown' (a noted horse) in the lot for me."

At daylight next morning, one of my sons on a good horse was running a bunch of fat cow ponies to the corral. Our saddles were soon on our best horses and we were "flying" towards the open range. "We will be here for dinner about 4 or 5 o'clock,' I said to my wife. We had started the cattle to a central point when the boss rode up on his foaming favorite, ready to cut out the "strays" (cattle belonging to others); about 3 p. m. this was over and the large gate opened and then began a race among the cattle to see which should reach the water first, while we would have given a five-dollar bill for all the cool water we and our poor tired horses could drink. We soon let our horses drink the hot tank water, then began a weary return to the ranch house, where we could get plenty of the best water in all South Texas. The boys felt like eating dinner by this time.

On the other Sunday we all had to work was a time the boss had sold to a Cuban buyer six or eight hundred steers with the understanding or contract, that he would load the steers out any day he called for them. So on a certain Saturday night, the cattle-ship plying between Galveston and Cuba arrived in port at Galveston and announced ready to load. A telegram came saying, "I have ordered cars. Load steers tomorrow. Rush." So we loaded them out on Sunday. We could not control.

In the large tanks on this ranch was a variety of nice fish and plenty of large frogs (such as you pay 25 cents and more for the hind quarters at the fashionable eating houses) the year round, while there were thousands of wild ducks and geese in winter, so our table was supplied with these good things in addition to good fresh beef, if we could just spare a little time.

I never did quit preaching when I had a chance, but I did not serve any church as pastor until four years after the storm.

I bought hundreds of horses on contract for a Cuban dealer; also cattle for Cuba. I went as far as Galveston with them, but when they were loaded on the ships and took their leave for Cuba, instead of following that herd further, "I let 'em go" and returned to the ranch. By returning to the saddle I was able to get up a little financially.

I am glad I was trained to work when a boy, and I am proud I can turn my hands to any work on the ranch or farm. There is many a preacher in Texas who must make the larger part of their living working at a trade during the week, or all week, until Saturday, on the farm and then riding from five to twenty miles and preaching on Sundays. Many of that class will shine with God's redeemed in the resurrection morning, when Jesus comes again—to gather His jewels.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SHIPPING CATTLE TO MARKET.

As stated in previous chapters, beeves were driven up the trail to Kansas City and then shipped by rail to St. Louis and Chicago or driven to Shreveport, Louisiana, and then shipped by boat to New Orleans, but since we have so many railroads and the entire country fenced up, cattle are now shipped from one range to another, or shipped to market by rail, and, as I was well known to many shippers, I have been employed to take from two cars to an entire trainload of cattle to the Indian Territory and to market. There is more or less hard and dangerous work attached to this shipping business, and there is a great difference in the cattle shipped.

One trip I took a lot of large steers, which had been fattened on cotton seed meal and hulls. Quite a number of these steers had gone blind, as steers often do that are fattened on meal and hulls, and some of them would get down in the cars, and it was hard indeed to get these blind ones up, and it would require me to get into the cars among the steers to work with them, and then the train would be making good time and the cattle would be jolted around in such a manner that when you had accomplished your work and gotten out of the car you did not want to repeat this work again. When we left Denison, Texas, for St. Louis we had nothing but beef cattle for market, and our train had the right of way over all trains except the fast mail train.

There were more beeves on the way to market than could be hauled in two trains, so the train was made into three sections, or, plainly speaking, three different trains run on the same schedule, and consequently were always near each other, and when in turning the curves around the mountains and hills in the Territory and Missouri, the engineers would blow the whistles often to keep from running into one another. When we reached Franklin Junction, Missouri, there were a number of cattle that went on to Chicago, while a number of us turned down the river for St. Louis. There were two negroes on our train, and as most of us had been on watch looking after the cattle the night before and were all worn out we raised a purse to hire these negroes to watch the cattle that night, which they had agreed to do, provided we would pay them for the extra work of watching the entire train. The trade was made with them about sundown, and we started down the Mississippi river a little later. These negroes were out on the cars when they looked down and saw the river far below them on one side, while the mountain bluff was high above on the other side, and were badly frightened and hastened into the caboose where we were and lay down in the middle of the car and said, "We will give you back your money, because we can't stand such dangerous work as that in this kind of country," and further declared their boss' cattle would have to take care of themselves that night, and we could never persuade them to leave the caboose again until daylight next morning. They were so afraid they did not sleep that night.

We reached St. Louis early in the morning and our cattle were taken in charge by the commission companies to whom they were consigned. I spent the day in looking at the sights of the city, after spending several hours watching the buyers and salesmen make some large deals. Here at the pens my cattle attracted more attention than any others in the train, because I had a number of the large Brahma steers, with a large hump on their shoulders, and many gathered around to see and watch. These Brahma cattle are from an imported male from India, the sacred cattle of that country. This male was imported from that country at a cost of over five thousand dollars, and thousands of his offspring can be found in the coast counties of Texas today. I went into the large packing houses. I saw them killing the beeves, and watched as they rolled the dressed beef into the cold storage rooms. I also saw them killing hogs and scalding them by machinery. After they were knocked in the head they were dragged up on one side of a wall squealing and soon came down on the other side with the hair off.

The horse and mule exchange or rather the place where they were selling them I found to be one of the most exciting places I visited that day.

I rode over much of the city on the street cars, but when night came I had seen but a small portion of that which was interesting to view.

I also took a number of trips with trainloads of beeves to the Indian Territory, where they were turned into large pastures until they were fat and ready to go to market. On one of these trips, when I reached my destination, near Wagoner, and unloaded, the gentleman who was there to receive the steers, after all were out of the cars, said to me, "Mr. Anderson, I can say for you what I can not say for any other man who has unloaded cattle here in quite a while. Others usually have from five to twenty dead ones in the train while yours are all up, which goes to prove to me that you have attended to your business on your route up here." I replied that I always tried to do my duty and I was also paid about double what many men could be hired for.

I have also been to New Orleans quite a number of times with fat market cattle. The country along the entire route up to St. Louis is high and rolling, while the trip to New Orleans is through a level, flat country, with many lakes and swamps along the entire route. In going to St. Louis you go through a country where the people plant much wheat, oats and corn, while on the route to New Orleans you pass through a country where they raise a great deal of rice and sugar cane and some cotton, but no farmer seems to raise one-third enough corn for his own use. At St. Louis and Kansas City your beeves are unloaded from the car into the sale pens; at New Orleans they are unloaded from the cars on this side of the river, then loaded onto a boat and carried to the commission pens on the other side of the great "Father of Waters," as the Mississippi is so often called. Here the man from the plains finds much to interest him. As you go up to the city from the stock landing, you pass one of Uncle Sam's posts, where you see the soldiers on parade, or the lone sentinel on duty, and perhaps you may also see one of the soldiers under guard doing extra duty because he had disobeyed some order. On reaching Canal Street, the center of the city that General Jackson so nobly defended in years long ago, is the busiest place one will find in all the Southern States. If you wish to go to any part of the city you will find a car on Canal Street to take you to that part of the city. All the large theatres are located near Canal, which is the widest street in the city. Here you can see ships unloading and loading for the various ports of the world, while near these large ships may be seen rover steamers loading or unloading, which run between New Orleans and cities along the great river. I visited the United States mint, located here, and watched them make silver dollars and smaller change. This is all done with the aid of heavy machinery. When running they cut out dollars as fast as one could count, but yet they have to pass through other hands and processes and machines before they were ready to be issued. Every dollar, half or quarter, as well as dimes and nickels, must weigh exact amount and be free from all imperfections before it was counted as money and stored away in the great vaults, ready for call.

One large room, said the gentleman who was showing us around and explaining, "contains eighteen million dollars of new money that never had been used." I will not try to mention the many things of interest to visitors, but the great French market is one place where more things to eat can be found than any place I ever saw. A Texas cow man will wander from place to place after his business has been attended to until he is tired of sight-seeing and go to his room to rest for the night or to the depot to take the train back to his beloved quiet home on the beautiful prairies of Texas.

CHAPTER XIX.

A WESTERN TRIP.

On the 4th of July, 1807, I took the westbound Southern Pacific train at Houston to aid in a meeting at Leaky, Edwards County. Passing rapidly through Sugarland on the Brazos and many thriving towns along this road, and viewing the fine homes of the many prosperous farmers, large pastures and much fine stock, late in the afternoon reached the historic town of San Antonio; but I am not to now stop to visit the many places of interest, but soon we were rolling on towards the setting sun. This is truly the Sunset Route. From New Orleans to the Golden Gate you ride towards sunset. The further west you go the more magnificent the scenery. With grip in hand, when the porter called out Sabinal, I left the train to find a hotel to rest the remainder of that beautiful night, and at sunrise next morning I took the hack to Leaky, forty-one miles back in the mountains of Edwards County. I was soon driving over land very rich. On either side of the road were nice fields of cotton and corn, while here and there were pastures of various sizes, in which could be seen fine fat stock. When reaching the fifteen-mile post from Sabinal we

CATTLE IN PASTURE IN UVALDE COUNTY, TEXAS

then were in the brakes—hills covered with rocks and small brush. Here we traveled for several miles through Judge Flores' pasture, which extended ten or fifteen miles either way. At noon we stopped at Mr. Myer's to change horses and rest awhile. Mr. Myer's house stands near the mountain. While the driver was changing horses I asked for permission to inspect his stock and pens. "Help yourself." I soon found out he had only good stock and well fixed to handle it. After a nice dinner we hurried off, to reach Camp Hukill about 4 p m., but as we increased the distance from Mr. Myer's home the mountains stood on each side of the road, increased in size and height; the scenery was grand and inspiring while we crossed four or five times the clear, beautiful stream of Rio Frio river. All along stood nice homes with nice little farms, where crops grew on rich soil. Con-Can was one postoffice where the mountaineers received their daily mail, while Rio Frio, a nice little village, was another office. At this place I saw my first irrigated farm. The crop was fine corn, estimated at fifty bushels of corn per acre. When we reached the big tent I was soon introduced to Rev. C. B. Hukill, an aged minister who has been a great power for good on the frontier of Texas almost all his life. To write out his life it would be to reproduce the toils and exploits of Rev. Z. N. Morrell. Rev. J. W. Daniel, of Elgin, was here to lead the meeting. The lovely young ladies were there to lead the music. They were all sisters whose homes were in Eagle Pass—Misses Mamie, Emma and Florence Groves—they are fine musicians. Brother Hukill is blessed with a most excellent companion. Brother Daniel is a fine scriptural preacher and did fine preaching. The church was greatly revived, but there was not the number converted while I was there I hoped to see. I never saw as many young men and ladies under a tent unsaved as gathered under that tent to listen to Brother Daniel's preaching.

"Where did all the people come from," I asked various ones.

"From up and down this canyon," was the uniform reply. There I was at the tent, and large mountains on either side, but Mr. J. H. Davis took me for a little drive in his buggy, and at every turn around the mountains he would show me a home or tell me how many lived a little further around. I went to a sawmill which was run by water power. Mr. Fulgeum, the owner, told me it was the cheapest power in the West, but while it was a valuable piece of property in the mountains to saw the cedar, cypress and walnut, it was only a vest-pocket affair compared to the saw mills of East Texas and Louisiana.

I borrowed a horse and went up to the great kaolin mines, five miles from Leaky. Young Mr. Ora Crenshaw was my guide—a pleasant young man who was mounted on a horse which was accustomed to climbing the mountains. We wound around the mountain sides and finally reached the summit. I thought, "well, we are here nearer the clouds than I have ever been before." I tried to see all there was to see about these mines. Two large shafts were there where the deeper they went the larger the veins of kaolin were. Forty thousand tons have been taken out, some of which have been shipped to Paris, France; some to New York, and all claim the mines to be the finest in the world as to quality and greatest in quantity. There are three mountains of this kaolin undeveloped yet. There has been a railroad survey to it. They told me that these mines were worth $40,000,000. I saw dishes made from this kaolin and they were pretty. As we were returning we met my friend Mr. Melvin Cavender and his father who, like myself, wanted to see the kaolin, so I returned with them and spent another hour viewing the beautiful shades of kaolin.

On my return to the meeting I stopped and preached in the noted mountain city of Leaky. I met many of her polite, energetic and enterprising citizens, and if Brother W. D. Upshaw of Atlanta, Ga., had been with me he would have fallen in love with the charming young ladies of this quiet mountain town. Mr. Weston has a store that would do credit to many a railroad town. Mr. Willingham's store is also good. I did not have the time to visit the other stores of the town.

I remained eight days at the big tent meeting, and bidding adieu to the many warm friends, with a pressing invitation to return next year and preach for them, Rev. J. B. Hiler carried me over the mountain and through Dry Frio Valley to Exile to preach. While Bro. Hiler owned a new, strong buggy and drove a nice match team, we had a hard time climbing the mountain, and then when we did start down on the other side I would tie a rope to the buggy and let it down by degrees. The team could not hold it back in places. When we reached the valley of Dry Frio I did not care to retrace my journey. We were soon at the pleasant home of Brother Mark P. Gibson, who was engineer on Southern Pacific railroad for eighteen years, but now is raising Angora goats out in the mountains of Uvalde County. He has good, pure,

MARK P. GIBSON'S GOAT RANCH—BREEDER OF PURE BRED
ANGORA GOATS, EXILE, TEXAS

mountain water to drink, and had nice vegetables out of his sub-irrigated garden. I said to him, "Brother Gibson, how do you manage to live out in the isolated mountain home, when you were raised in the stir of San Antonio and ran an engine from there to El Paso for eighteen years?"

"Why, there is more real joy here in one year than in ten years in the city, and besides, there is more money for my wife and children in a goat ranch, five to one, than sitting on the engine."

His wife is a sweet spirited Christian lady of culture and refinement that would grace any parlor in our cities, while Brother Gibson's mother is and has been for years one of the pillars in the Baptist Church in San Antonio. Here was also a noble Christian young lady, Miss Willie Duree, from El Paso, who joined to welcome me to their mountain home.

"We are so glad, Brother Anderson, you have come to preach for our little church."

When we reached the schoolhouse that night there was a good crowd to hear me preach. Brother Hiler had said to me, "You must do all the preaching."

The next night the audience was larger, and continued to increase until the house would not hold the people. Some families drove their buggies near the windows, others in front of the door; the men gave their seats to the girls and ladies and amid all this crowd, there was not a whisper or the least thing in the way of disturbance.

When I have been far away in other States, and hearing people expressing their opinions about how people behave in Texas (I have been in Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana, and preached in many towns and cities in Texas) but nowhere have I ever had better order than at Exile. Above the little preacher God was smiling on the scene, while men and women lifted their hearts to God in prayer.

There were only nine members in this little church, but fifteen were added to it during this little meeting. One aged man who had lived on the frontier all his life and had not been to church in forty years came to hear me preach and to see me baptize the happy converts. Another one had not heard a sermon in twenty-seven years. The people remunerated me well and all they did in a financial way seemed to come as freely as the wind blows or the sun shines. Here a thing was done to me that I never had done before. A brother who had contributed as much as anyone, I think, offered me his check, signed by himself, and told me to take it and fill it out for whatever amount

I wanted them to pay, or for any amount I needed. This I refused to take.

I know the name Exile is connected all through history as a place where notorious persons were kept, or those exiled or banished into exile must remain in a bad place or under unpleasant circumstances the remainder of their lives, but the honest student of history knows that many of the true and good were banished or exiled for some imaginary wrong that they had done or might do, but these Exiles are good, true, free and happy, prosperous people. These Exiles had a phone in each home.

Most all the people in this section are raising Angora goats, which live well the year round on the mountain brush. They shear their goats twice each year. It is true that goats are most profitable, yet they raise hogs and cattle, but only a few horses.

Mr. John A. Cummins not only has over a thousand goats, but has several hundred head of cattle. Uncle John, as he is familiarly called by his neighbors, is a typical Western man who is surrounded with plenty. He was for two years one of the range bosses on Capt. M. Kennedy's great ranch in Nueces County in the 70's.

When he was on his LaRales ranch, Capt. Kennedy branded each year between 35,000 and 40,000 calves and between 6,000 and 7,000 colts, besides he owned thousands of sheep. From the first of April to December the 15th he employed about eighty hands on his ranch to work his cattle and always kept from 800 to 1,000 cow ponies. Uncle John took up his abode in Exile in 1880.

A friend asked, "Did you see Mr. R. H. Cummins at church today?" I replied that I saw all who were there but I did not know Mr. Cummins.

"Brother Anderson, about fourteen years ago he was in some kind of trouble with someone and he in an hour of great danger ran his horse full speed across the Pecos river on that high bridge on the Southern Pacific railroad."

"Why, that bridge is three hundred feet high and is not a wagon bridge but is only a railroad bridge, I am told." I know these Western cow men will run their cow ponies where many would not dare to ride a horse, but to think a man would run his horse full drive over this railroad bridge, I could hardly think was true.

I sought Mr. Cummins and inquired of him if this was true.

"Yes, sir; I ran my horse on the foot path by the side of the railroad." Mr. Cummins is now an honored citizen, surrounded with the comforts of this life.

After spending ten days among the Exiles, I went to spend a day or two with Rev. Gooding in a meeting five miles from Sabinal, in a rich farming section of Uvalde County. Here I was pressed to remain longer. I did stay four days. This was one deep soul-stirring meeting. Twenty-four had joined when I left.

Sabinal is a growing town with many new brick buildings and fine residences.

Uvalde County is one of the great honey counties of the West. Uvalde, the county seat, is also improving fast. The county has no saloons.

I returned to Exile and preached ten days there three weeks after the first meeting and baptized forty-four at one time, and Uncle Dab Boales, who had spent all his life on the frontier, united with the church and was baptized. He was eighty-six years old.

CHAPTER XX.

OTHER INCIDENTS OF THE WEST AND SOME NOTED MEN.

In the last chapter I told you of my visit to Exile; since then I have been called by different churches in various parts of the Western part of our State. Some of the incidents, men and country, I now record.

One thing that a new man will notice in the Western portion of our Empire, is that most men refer to their homes or the homes of their neighbor as "my ranch" or "his ranch." This is the case with most men who were reared there. The man who speaks of his home as "my ranch" may be worth a million in land and stock; he may also be the owner of gold mines in old Mexico with money until he does not know the best way to invest his surplus cash and again he may only be a renter on some little farm or a man who was herding sheep or goats for other men; he might be living way back in some little canyon hauling cedar posts fifty miles with two ponies for a living, still the place where his wife stays he calls his ranch. So should you ever get with the noble sons of the West, between San Angelo and the Rio Grande, don't think every man who calls his home or camp "my ranch" that he

A MEXICAN HOME ON THE RIO GRANDE

brands a thousand calves a year and has banked thousands of dollars.

Another thing, don't think you can tell the rich man or the big land owner by his dress, for many of them go in very plain attire, but one difference you will notice, as a rule, the wives and daughters, on public occasions like church, by their dress and college training, still there are exceptions to this rule, but one thing you may be sure of if you are invited to their homes, you will be treated to the best and you never will forget their hospitality while you linger along the shore of time and should he tell you he is your friend, you may depend upon him in a storm.

I have met in the camp-meetings I have held in those Western towns and cities men whose records and daring acts they have performed would surpass many that have been recorded in story and song; yet, they are as modest as a lady while telling, by special request, their acts in the great dramas they took part in. Many of them sigh for the free, wireless range which had no boundary lines long ago. I spent a few days in good meeting in Del Rio on the Rio Grande. The pastor, Bro. Jenkins, was assisted by Bro. Harrel, who could not only preach well, but sing in a way that held all who delighted in song.

I did what I could as worker in the meeting and made my home with Bro. G. A. Briggs, the son of one of Texas' pioneer preachers. He was once one of the special men on one of the great ranches whose duty it was to rope and bring out the old beeves, which never could be driven out of the pastures up to the corrals with the other cattle, but would go back from year to year to the brush; and while I was in Del Rio a good young man was killed by one of those wild steers, which he had roped, jerked his horse on him and crushed him to death. This caused Bro. Briggs to tell me of some of his close calls while in the same kind of work.

One day during my pleasant stay in Del Rio I went across the river into Mexico to the town of Las Vegas and saw many strange things which I can not record here, but one thing struck my attention at once was the streets were filled with hogs and dogs, and I remembered being told by Rev. Winter Green, "Don't you kick a dog while you are over there, if you do, you will soon be in a Mexican prison." I had failed to take an interpreter with me, and I did want to learn about many things I saw but when I spoke to the man near me he would reply: "No savey, senor," which meant "I don't understand you, Mr." They were very polite but after trying to find some one I could talk with in the town, I returned with the knowledge that I had been in one town where I could not talk to a single person. The morning I left Del Rio I had the honor to take my seat in the car with Capt. J. D. Smith on his way to his ranch near Hondo, who had just sold his home in Del Rio. He went to California in 1849, and was at Tucson, Arizona, when the Civil War broke out. He told me of many of the daring men—Kit Carson and his kind. He came by the way of El Paso, then known as Franklin, with about one dozen little houses.

When they reached Del Rio on his way to San Antonio, at the large spring which now furnishes water to irrigate thousands of acres in gardens, besides water for the town; he found a man from Arkansas camped who had a small herd of cattle and as all were tired and their clothing was dirty from traveling, they decided they would start a laundry in the spring. After the clothing was washed it was hung out to dry on the bushes. The tired men lay down to rest and the cows ate the spare clothing and Capt. Smith said "it was a good thing that the weather was mild, because they had washed everything they could spare from their bodies."

After the war he went into the cattle business and he could tell me the history of every cowman in Western Texas as easy as a country preacher could tell you of his members. Capt. Smith was the one that organized the Stock Raisers' Association, being elected first as vice-president and then president, which he filled with honor until he felt he was too old for further duties. He has kept all the record of all events in his life, even to the hat, spurs or a sack of flour or ten thousand steers bought or sold with the price of each article since 1849.

While he was near his eightieth year he was still strong and healthy. In reply to my question of "Capt., did you ever drink whiskey," he said: "No, sir; occasionally I have taken a little, but all the men that drank their whiskey regular in the stirring days when we worked the range are either dead or are today without a dollar." Capt. Smith has a nice ranch of twelve thousand acres, and is honored by all who know him. I asked him about the bad men in the cattle business. He said: "All men who were not straight in their dealings soon went broke or into their graves. It never paid any one to act dishonest with his fellow men."

When I reached San Antonio, I decided I would take one day of rest and sight-seeing. I took dinner with Rev. T. C. Long. Oh! What a joy it is to meet a friend who has been to your own home and knows your own dear loved ones and to hear him speak words of praise of your sons and daughters that you love dearer than you do your own poor barren life. Where you were received as a friend in its true meaning, a poor tired preacher feels like praising God anew. I wanted to shake hands with Bro. Sid. Williams, but he was away on business for the King.

I went into the Buck Horn Saloon. Here I met with a crowd of ladies from Kansas. This is the only saloon that I ever saw that is visited by ladies from all States. In fact, the majority of people who visit San Antonio go to that saloon to view the noted collections of horns. Canada, Alaska and far-away Switzerland, Africa and other distant lands have contributed the horns of various animals.

There are to be seen the longest horns of Texas steers; one being eight feet from tip to tip, while quite a number range from six to seven feet all fixed on the heads as they grew. You will be amazed at the skill as displayed in making a deer look natural out of rattlesnake rattles. This is a place where thousands visit while in the city of historic renown of which many have written.

A few of the noted places worth mentioning: The Alamo stands just as it did when the noble heroes—Crockett and his men fell. The Missions, built in the seventeenth century, show age, but are fine buildings today. The streets are so crooked in the oldest parts of the city that a stranger will need a guide for a few days, unless he has plenty of time.

Magnificent churches are found in various parts of the city and all pastors I met were noble men.

I called to see the Prince of Texas Cattlemen, Capt. Ike T. Prior. Oh, what a difference between a real prince among men and the broken down aristocracy of the old world.

He was so busy in his fine office, yet when I introduced myself he laid aside his pen with that ease and look that said, "I am very busy, Anderson, but I will talk with you a few minutes." So many were the calls made by men on business I thought it would be intruding on my part to ask him for a sketch of his history and life; also of the large deals made with Cuba after the Spanish-American war. I left him feeling thankful for his kind treatment and feeling that the cattlemen of Texas, as a class, were a superior class of citizens for much of their money has gone into churches, colleges and sanitariums. Unless they give a hundred dollars or one thousand, some do not even want their names on the subscription list. The Texas cattlemen are noted for their contributions.

I was at the Baptist State convention in Waco a few years ago, when a collection for Buckner's Orphan Home was taken, when forty-four thousand was subscribed in twenty-five minutes, or less time. A noble brother from Missouri, sitting by me, said, "You could not raise that much all day for any church work in my state."

Yet there are some cattlemen who give money to aid others as freely as blood flows from turnips, but they may turn away from their present way and become great benefactors to many.

After taking a peep into other noted places in the city that boasts of being the largest city of Texas, I called on Bro. Jim Gibson, where I have always found a hearty welcome. His dear aged mother lives with him. She has entertained many of the Texas preachers and also aided many of them with cash as well as with her words of cheer and prayers.

While sitting there talking of revivals and other days, all so pleasant, some one stepped in and announced that a young man from Brooklyn, N. Y., had just died and wished to know if his mother and sisters could come over to remain while the undertakers were preparing the body for long journey to New York. This broken-hearted mother and sister were welcomed with all that tenderness that old friends could have done and words of consolation were spoken while I tried to point the unsaved sister to Jesus, who would prepare her for that solemn hour which had just come to her dear brother and could drive all gloom from her pathway in this life. Oh! The soul of man cries out for something higher than this wicked world has ever furnished.

Leaving the city next morning I reached home at 3 p. m.

Poor Howard Payne when in poverty and waiting on a dying child wrote "Home, Sweet Home," and if father and mother love each other as they should and love God supreme with happy, smiling children with moderate comforts is truly the nearest place to Heaven on earth.

The race horse must leave the track for food and rest; the great engine run into the roundhouse for oiling and repairs, so must the poor preacher leave crowds and friends to recuperate their health, strength and to study their Bibles in solitude.

SCENES OF BAPTIZING AT EXILE, WHEN 44 WERE BAPTIZED AUG. 1907

CHAPTER XXI.

BAPTIZING AT EXILE.

The baptizing at Exile of fifty happy souls was a scene that will never be forgotten in that canyon, and was the talk of the entire section for years, many coming from forty miles around to witness that scene. My wife scolds me for writing the pronoun "I" so much, but I am simply recording facts in my life, some of which there are many living witnesses.

In this crowd that was gathered on the memorial evening in August, 1907, were two ministers. Rev. Kendell, who was the missionary of Uvalde Association, and Rev. W. J. Bugg, a young man that had just entered the ministry that year; men with their families from Uvalde City, while Rev. Erb of San Antonio, was in the meeting and would have been there had he not denied himself of that great pleasure. When he learned that a few of each camp were going to stay and keep the camps while all otehrs went to the baptizing. He had me to announce that while it would fill his soul anew with joy to be a witness, he wanted all the wives, mothers and boys to go and he would stay to take care of all camps on the entire camp grounds. He stayed so all could go and see their loved ones baptized. That night I said to him, "Brother, I want you to preach. I am exhausted and feel that you are the one who should preach."

He modestly replied, "Bro. A., I can not meet the demands of this hour."

"Oh, throw yourself fully into the hands of Jesus and go on."

Soon he was telling the story of the cross with such sweetness and power a new flood of joy filled all hearts. His sermon was a grand climax to one of the best meetings ever held on Dry Frio up to that time. What a contrast to the closing of a meeting I was once in where the pastor asked me to preach, which I consented to do, and when I was ready to begin the pastor came to me and said, "We don't want you to preach a soul-moving sermon tonight, because we want the interest of the meeting to die—you know I am pastor." I had done my duty as one should during the meeting and now I was truly confused. My thoughts vanished and darkness gathered over me when I thought I had better try to obey that poor sore preacher. My Master made me contemptible before all that audience and should that preacher ever tell me such again I would then rise, tell the audience a few thoughts and leave his church or ask the audience to bow with me while I would pray for their pastor, but remember one doesn't know what they would do on the spur of the moment. Should he ever come where I am preaching I will ask the people to help me pray God to bless him.

Now, coming back to the baptizing; where this crowd came from I did not know, but it was told me it was the largest the old settlers had ever seen in that canyon.

One of the noble young men of the number to be baptized when he came to the meeting a few nights before said to me as I walked from my tent toward the harbor to begin the services: "Is this Mr. Anderson, the great cowboy preacher."

"I am the preacher conducting this meeting, but there is nothing great about me," I replied.

"Well, two of my friends whom I know were very wicked have been converted and I took a fresh horse after I penned the goats this evening and came over the mountains to this meeting to see if Jesus would same me, too. Oh! I have been so wicked."

"Yes; He will save you if you only trust him." "How far is it to your ranch?"

"It is twenty-five miles and I must be back by daylight. I am a hired hand."

I threw my arms around his neck and we knelt before the throne. Between my sobs, I said: "Father, here is a young man who has rode his best cow pony twenty-five miles over the mountains as quick as he could to hear Thy poor servant preach and to see if Jesus would save him. Oh! Do save him right now for Jesus' sake." I could feel his entire frame tremble in my arms; we arose and walked arm in arm to the arbor, while God saw prayers in our hearts we could not speak. Jesus was all and above all during that service.

There was no thought in my heart to try to please the great cattle kings with their charming daughters who sat in the audience. When I gave an opportunity for all those who wanted to take Jesus as their Savior come and kneel in the altar, some of the cattle kings led the way, their daughters following, while the young man who had to be home by daylight was among the first. The unsaved came like you have seen people crowding into the show when the doors were opened. A little later when I gave a chance to any who had put their trust in Christ alone for salvation to unite with the church the young man was the first to come.

He stated in full, "I have been hearing of this meeting and when some of my chums were saved it caused me to go to thinking. I had always been somewhat afraid of preachers, but the boys said this preacher was just like the men over this country, and I hitched my horse near his tent and waited until he came out. I spoke to him and told him why I came; he threw his arms around my neck and said, let us get right down here and pray right now. All my burdens are gone. I love Bro. Anderson as an old friend; I love everybody; I love God and want to do what he says and I want to live in the church."

A half dozen shouted, "I move that he be received as a candidate for baptism."

Not waiting for some one to second the motion, I put the question—all shouted "I." That would have done your soul good to hear. About one dozen said the same in the main, that Jesus had saved them and they wanted to obey Him.

In this crowd there was another man I will mention and give his name. Uncle Dab. Boales, whom I was told had not been to church in forty years. He lived about two miles from the camp ground.

I told his wife to tell him I wanted to come and see him between the services as we had three sermons each day. She said, "I would be so glad to have you, but he does not like preachers." "You tell him for me that I am a Texan and reared in the stock business and have rode a thousand races, some of them when big money was up and can today, throw the rope like a greaser Mexican, and I want to talk with him about such men as Moses Austin Bryan, whom he knew well. I also knew him and have visited his home at Independence in Washington County. I also went to school with his sons, Beauregard and Lewis Bryan." She said she would tell him and see what he says. The next day she said to me: "He said he would like to see you." At the close of the eleven o'clock service, I told a brother I wanted his horse and buggy, telling him where I wanted to go.

"Thank God. We will pray for you while you talk to him," he replied.

The buggy was ready as soon as three men could put the horse to it. I took Mrs. Boales in with me as she had walked to the service and after crossing the clear silver stream about three times and turning around a mountain, she said: "This is our home."

While the old Texan, veteran Indian fighter and noted race horse man, who was born eighty-six years ago in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, who came to Texas when he was a bare-footed boy with his parents, and settled near old Ft. Sumpter; saw some of his playmates killed by the Indians while he himself made his escape, because he could out run them and reached a horse that carried him to safety. The man who had lived months without any bread to go with his dried venison or beef; the man who dressed the skins and made his own leggings.

I was delighted to be in his own quiet mountain home. I looked again at his wife after I had been with him a few minutes. I saw fear written in her countenance. I understood it; I thought and I told some little story that made the old gentleman laugh heartily, then he told me one on a smart fellow, who thought all Texans were very ignorant when he first reached Texas from Alabama; and it was my time to laugh. We soon were chums. When I had a chance away from him I asked his wife why she had such a look of fear on her face soon after we came in and she said she was afraid he would get mad and curse you out.

When it was time for me to return to preach at 3:30 p. m., he was ready to go with me. They had a good tent already for him and his chair was set each time right in front of me while I preached. I think more earnest prayers were offered in his behalf than any one on the ground. As far as he was known he was known an honest man; a man who would help the distressed, but a man who did not believe the Bible and did not want a preacher on his place.

We, from time to time, begged God to save the old veteran. His wife stated to me that she had been praying for him for forty years and added, "I am willing to die this day if God will save him."

I said to her, "Sister, God will answer those prayers."

The light seemed to come to him like the dawn of a bright spring morning; the bright rays of the sun peeping through a thin cloud, then the full force of his rays concentrated upon the earth which did not blaze upon him in its power until we reached the clear pool which reflected the mountains upon its bosom, here while I was busy baptizing his children, his neighbors and old friends, he jumped up happy as a soul could and came into the water near me. His face told me the fact which I think angels had already recorded: "I am happy. Jesus has saved me." "Do you want to follow Him in baptism?"

"Yes; right now."

"What do you say, brethren?"

"I move he be received and baptized right now."

"I second that motion," came from a score of voices. Without waiting for me to put the motion it seemed all shouted "I," and I led with joy the old veteran out into little deeper water and "Buried him in baptism" (See Romans, 6:4), as I then led him to the water's edge he was taken in the arms, so to speak, of many strong men and women, some of whom shouted for great joy.

That night at the arbor when Bro. Erb preached a grand sermon and Bro. Kendall had the table arranged all partook of the Supper in memory of Jesus to show his death and suffering. The entire audience seemed as happy as mortals could be, and when we gave the hand of church fellowship to all the new members, we had to get clear from under the arbor, and it was quite a row or line of them; I think eighty-five.

Sister Kendall, the missionary's wife, in her sweet consecrated Christ-like way, led the music and the clear tones of the organ helped to hold the audience and mellow hard hearts.

After they had given me the parting hand, various ones came around again to add a few parting words with wishes and requests. A good brother said: "Here, I don't think we have paid you half enough. I have signed this check. You will fill it out for any amount you wish and present it to the bank when you reach town." I looked at the check. It was signed by him, a stockman. I said: "No, sir, I will not take it. I have enough from this dear people. Use it to help on somewhere else."

Another brother came, and running his hand into his hip pocket, pulled out $2,500, saying: "I want you to leave here perfectly satisfied. Tell me how much more shall I give you now." As he held the money in his hand."

"Not another dollar will I take. You have already paid me well. I want to come back again some day if God wills, and I want all to know that I am not coming for money alone."

This conversation closed by us saying farewell, while he again stated if I ever needed any money write to him or check on him through his bank and the bank would be instructed.

Dr. Frank Kiefer who preached my ordination sermon said: "Get down into the hearts of the people and you will get into their pocket books also, but God alone can help you to get there, so live near Him.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT I OWE.

"Owe no man anything, but to love one another." (Rom. 13:8.)

What I owe, is a question that has often perplexed me and caused me to study the debt question in its various relations to other subjects and conditions in life, from kings and monarchs and rulers to the citizen in his retired and even his obscure home. Another cause in studying the debt question is the oft-repeated remark of men who are not Christians; when approached on the subject of religion and church membership you are met with the answer: "I pay my honest debts and am, I think, as good, if not a good deal better, than the majority of church members."

I have seen the day I could not pay 10 cents on the dollar of what was then due, but I have never yet seen the day that I wished or desired to beat a creditor out of one cent that was due him, and a man who comes around saying, "I pay my honest debts," does so to advertise his honesty. Many a man has made that remark who would cheat or swindle any person they could out of any sum from five dollars to thousands in their dealings and then feel that they were honest. A man who has the ability to pay his debts and will not do it is a thief and nothing less. Thousands of men who from the very depths of an honest and true heart, wish and long to pay their creditors, but can not even pay the interest on what is due these parties they are owing, and while they may toil and strive ever so hard while the abuse and anathema of their creditors follow them, they can not free themselves at once from the hand of the tyrant over them. Sometimes even the most merciful and lenient creditors are driven to conclude that the person does not make as much effort as they should to settle up, and this is really true in thousands of cases, and this causes the creditors to often oppress the man who owes him because others talked just as fair and made all such good promises. Right here you can see how we are "our brother's keeper;" suppose ten persons are together, and six of these have beaten their creditors—those creditors, with their lessons of experience can not be lenient to the other four, although they are really desirous to pay up when accounts are due but unable, through unforeseen misfortunes, to do so; hence they suffer because the others took advantage of the opportunity to defraud their creditors. With all the boasted honesty of some of these who brag, so to speak, they pay their honest debts, I can but feel that only a few strive manfully to pay their debts in full. A few of these debts I want to call your attention to in this chapter.

All I will take time and space to say concerning the bonded indebtedness of this nation is that it is the duty of every American citizen to urge the payment of these bonds and not entail upon unborn generations the debts now hanging over this nation, but this is a question the true statesman must handle.

First. To my parents: My father, who was of Scotch descent and who was a great admirer of the brave Scotchmen and loved to talk about John Knox and other noted reformers and dissenters, was as firm as the hills, and believed that those under him should obey and look up to him. I was made to learn when quite young "the way of the transgressor is hard." From him I was taught to obey those in authority. Through hearing him talk much about the truly great men in the old world and their noble deeds, an earnest desire grew in my own breast to learn more about these men of whom I had heard him speak, and I can truly say that he, as a father amid trials, conflicts and sorrows, tried to implant the great truths of the Bible and the principles of right in my mind. The ministers who would make his house their home, would have friendly and brotherly discussions, and I was imbued with an earnest desire to learn more of these truths and histories and men of whose records and deeds they would talk with as much ease as I could talk about the horses, cattle and sheep which were around our home by the hundreds. This thirst for knowledge has ever increased, until it at times has become almost a consuming fire in my bosom.

Second. To my mother: Here words fail to express the deep unpaid debt I owe and which can be paid only by living a pure, undefiled life to the last moment in this world.

Beautiful, educated, refined and cultured, in all its true meaning, way back in the days of peaceful slavery (if it could be called such) the first third of this century. She was the daughter of a wealthy Georgia planter. Though passing through sorrows of various kinds and losing two sons in the Civil War, yet with a sweet charm about her and a deep abiding faith in God and His promises, she set her children an example worthy for all to emulate. Such was her deep abiding faith in God that many of the neighbors in the early 60's, during the war and when we hardly ever saw a minister, would when in sorrow and trouble come to mother for her counsel, advice and prayers, and these scenes and many of the words that fell from her lips on these occasions are still fresh on memory's pages and planted there like the names and marks made on the bricks while they are still soft. While I have heard father censured and criticised by different people, I never heard any speak only words of love and high appreciation and tenderness concerning mother. While father was firm and commanding in manner, mother, while firm for what was right, yet possessing such a winning way, would carry her points in arguments and win over those opposed apparently alone by love and gentle words. Such was her piety that all who knew her believed her to be a true follower of Him who was slain for the sins of the world, and when I was a little boy she took me to church and I heard her rejoice aloud in a Savior's love. It made me resolve that I would myself adore this great Savior my own precious mother loved, and such was my respect for my mother's God that I never did take the name of God in vain, though roaming over the prairies of Texas amid wicked stockmen who seldom saw a preacher, many of whom never attended church when they had an opportunity, and when going to mount the wild horse that was likely to jump, pitch and buck for a mile, when skill would be required to keep my seat in the saddle, I was truly glad I was blessed with a consecrated praying mother. When amid dangers seen and real in the early days of Texas, when the sixshooter or pistol was the law and the only law in some crowds, I have passed unharmed, when in calm moments I could but feel, "It is a mother's prayers, a mother's God, who preserves and keeps me."

And here let me digress long enough to say to the men and boys who may read these lines that I was so reckless and wayward at times that my conduct caused the tears to roll down dear mother's cheeks. Boys, I can not think of the sad hours that caused those tears without weeping. I can not stand at her grave without the sad hours coming back in multiplied force. I can only think of how bad I was and her loving words that sting me with more and more force each year.

Mother has long since gone to that sweet rest above with God and she said, among the last words spoken, "I see the angels coming and the gates of glory are open." I don't want her back; no, but I wish I had been a better boy, and, amid success today and defeat, if mother was on earth I would still feel I was my mother's little boy.

Oh! boys; if you wish to be happy in life, always be kind and gentle and obedient to mother; and a girl who will not obey and tell her mother her secrets will never make a good, true wife.

When before vast congregations I stand to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, I feel my own weakness and littleness and am unable to meet the requirements of the hour, my mind often runs back to the times and hours when mother would place her feeble, bony fingers on my little head and pray God to bless her little boy, and I feel that her sweet spirit still watches, and with faith in God, I am striving to work for His glory and can face any opposition and challenge the powers of darkness.

I owe my success to my mother and the great loving God she served.

The third debt I owe is to those men who, amid trials and conflicts and often unpleasant surroundings, have written good books. Among the first books that I read was Baxter's "Saints Everlasting Rest," and this book seemed to deepen the truths that I was taught at home by father and mother. Then was taken down to read and re-read that book written by the man that cruel hands and tyranny had placed in Bedford jail, Bunyan's complete works. Sometimes I wish I had never seen either Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted" or his "Saints Rest," feeling that ignorance concerning these deep truths would have been bliss but the seed had been planted and they must grow. To turn away from light and knowledge was wrong and also very dangerous; such a thing as erasing them from memory's page was impossible, hence the deep, lasting and undying principles of truth were planted in my young mind and heart that would torment me all through life if I refused the light there. On the other hand there was joy and light and heaven and eternal peace.

Oh! shall I refuse, turn away and wander off in darkness, that was rapidly increasing around me, and I dared not tell anyone my sorrows.

"Oh! what shall I do?" was the awful and only question that troubled me for months, though I was only ten years old. How true and appropriate are these precious words:

"I was once far away from the Savior,
As vile as a sinner could be;
I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see."

Then came Butler's "Analogy of Religion" and William Jay's works, and later all of Spurgeon's works, D. L. Moody's "The Masque Torn Off," and many others by Talmage, Thomas Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship," and many others of the noted English authors and great men of state.

I have learned from the great leaders of men many grand truths and in a way I trust to perfom some acts as the years roll by so that others will be benefited. One noted person in the list that I might speak of more fully would space allow in this tract—that is Rowland Hill, the great preacher of England, who preached sixty-nine years, and bade his vast congregation good-bye on Sunday, saying his work on earth was over and he was going home in a few days; on the following Wednesday he was dead and his soul in glory.

What I owe to my wife: So many have led a pure, trusting, confiding, pure-hearted and minded young lady to the altar who afterwards have forsaken her or otherwise rendered her life miserable and wretched. I owe my wife my undying devotion and honest effort to make her life happy in providing all things in my power for her comfort and joy, and as the years roll by to add to her joys and ever to support her amid sorrow and cheer her in hours of despondency.

To my children: To live a life of purity in all its meaning and obedient to all the laws of God governing and binding a father as far as lies in my power; in training them in business; to work and educate them so they will leave their father's home to fight this world's battles with a true and brave heart. A cruel deed or sin committed by me will be visited upon them in proportion to its magnitude. I am aware that many people don't believe this, but many people don't believe anything hardly that is true and will stand the test in the great day of God. (Rev. 6:17.) There is no truth more conspicuous in the Bible or taught any clearer. It is fulfilled every week in our cities and can be seen by the observing in history in all parts of the world. Hence I owe my children that debt—to live a true and pure life before God though all the world derides and condemns.

To my church: My unwavering faithfulness, realizing that the pastor or preacher in charge is just as responsible to God for his leadership as Moses was in leading the children of Israel from under bondage. Moses' life is an example of the life of any faithful pastor, it makes no differense where he is located.

Each should teach the ignorant; cheer the faint; care for the sick; look after the poor; check those who are going astray from duty, lead them back with gentle words and firm, solid teaching that God will approve, and when no longer they will listen tell them good-bye, part company with those who will not hear the word. To strive to get each one interested in some branch of church work and to plan out work that all can take part in and strive that there be no idlers in the vineyard. Lead them out in pastures new and enlarge the borders and feed them on the sincere milk of the Word.

What I owe to the idle and unemployed: To use all legitimate means in my power to open up avenues of work for those who are today unemployed; but how is one poor, weak, moneyless man to cope with this great question that is agitating the master minds of earth today. All who are followers of Jesus have this matter at heart who thinks for a minute. But religion seems to be pushed out of sight in so many parts, and is so little thought of by hundreds and thousands whose names are enrolled upon the church books as members—poor things, so many are slobbered over by men who are educated and are deluded with the thoughts that fine compositions called sermons delivered in proper style is all Mr. Preacher has to do. There is so much of this sham, shoddy ministerial work today from one side of this nation to the other, if not from pole to pole and from ocean to ocean, that thousands stay away from church because the living issues are not met, and souls who gather there to be spiritually fed turn away in disgust. Our seminaries are impressing false ideas upon the young men who say they are called to preach, and to go out with one idea—a fine church and fat salary, and I will make my mark in the world. These people who wait on such ministry a few times say, "I have enough of this bosh stuff and rehash of stale theology." Hence, unions of various kinds for mutual benefit for laboring men in all the branches; these societies have increased in number as pure and undefiled religion has died out. The oaths and pledges have failed to hold many of these leaders and members of these to their obligations, and one by one they are pronounced "failures." While one has died, others have sprung up, many of the new ones to share the same fate in the progress of events. Today the unemployed are so by sad experience. Too often men care nothing for their fellow craftsman, and no longer feel "I am my brother's keeper." Of course the tap root of this state of things that confront us is caused by the loose home training of children, and then again this is brought about by the poor barren preacher in the pulpit failing to "cry aloud and spare not" with a greater desire to please man than to please his Master.

I would actually rejoice if all such preachers could and were compelled to spend two minutes in hell and then come back to their pulpits—then the gospel of Jesus would ring in its purity. Gladstone said when being interviewed by Dr. Talmage a few years ago, "You preachers go ahead, for the gospel (the truths of the Bible) is the only panacea for the evils of nations, governments, and evils of cities." As these societies and all our planning have come to naught, we must now look to the Christian leaders to bring about a better state of things between labor and capital, and every man whom God has blessed with wealth should strive to open up new industries run on a co-operative or economical basis, so that the unemployed can earn the things necessary to sustain life and meet the obligations that rest upon them as citizens, brothers and fathers; as mothers, daughters and sisters. I feel that I owe this debt to all the unemployed, if in any way through my influence I can secure a place for one man or one woman to work to earn the means necessary to maintain them and their's, it is my duty. If I can secure a position for one and fail to do so, I have done wrong. In the same ratio the wrong would increase with ten, one hundred, or one thousand. It at least owe them my sympathy, but sympathy is so coldly expressed. Without some effort, it is like the rich preacher a few years ago who said to a poor woman with hungry children clinging to her and begging for bread, "I will pray for you." (Jas. 2: 15 and 16.) This part of scripture makes it binding on Christians to do what they can to give the unemployed a place where they can earn a living and provide things just and right before God.

All laws that are made in the interest of the rich become a crime in the sight of Him who never sleeps. It is true these truths never trouble many who are reaching after the dollars, caring no more for the sorrows of others than they do for the hoot of the owl. Peter Cooper of New York and many others have set the living many examples in this line of work. Geo. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, had no superior and very few, if any, equals. The man who cries down the corporations that employ so many hands (unless those corporations and companies are engaged in a business that is detrimental to the happiness of our homes, like the brewing companies and associations and whiskey rings) and which treat their men and employes right, he himself stands in the way of the unemployed—yet these unemployed should not expect wages that the corporations can not pay. I am aware that great wisdom is needed here in adjusting this question, but it is one of the questions of great consideration that confronts us now on every side and wherever you look in this or other nations.

Jesus while on earth ever looked out for the needy and sorrowing ones, and it becomes the duty, as far as in the power of Christians, to imitate His example. William Penn's theory was a just one: "No man shall eat unless he works." How can the unemployed persons feed themselves and those dependent upon them unless they can secure employment. One says, "Let the idle go to the country and open up farms." Yes, this is good, but where are the land owners or land companies today who will build the houses, furnish teams, tools and provisions without any money until crops are made, to a dozen or two families? Here we can see how Henry George's theory comes in so nice and I can but admire this truly great man in his efforts, striving to adjust this land question so the vast unoccupied, unsettled lands could become homes for the unemployed thousands.

General Booth, in outlining the work of the Salvation Army, is ahead of most Christian workers in solving this problem concerning the unemployed and the "submerged tenth," as he puts it in his book "Darkest England and the Way Out."

What I owe to the blind, maimed, deformed and crippled: In all our Texas cities and also many of our towns you see on every street persons of this class calling for alms. While the gospel of Jesus has so permeated the masses that asylums for the insane, schools for the blind and deaf and dumb have been built; companies, corporations, cities and individuals have erected hospitals for those hurt, injured or disabled while in their service, yet there are hundreds still uncared and unprovided for. Many of these, if placed in a home, cared for and provided with materials, could, with a prudent leader to superintend the work, make the home self-sustaining and go a great way in helping others of their kind who are wholly unable to earn anything towards the support. There are thousands who are ever ready to assist in such, for John Howard always found men who were ready to assist him in making the prisoners more comfortable. There has always been and will be those who can only see the "bug under the chip" and the "nigger in the woodpile," but if I never lead any work of this nature and cannot help him who leads in a good work, I trust I never will join the army of croakers against such moves or work. It look to me as there might be a home of this kind in all the thickly settled counties of our State, or at least in many parts of the State.

To the uneducated: I owe my assistance in a way that will be beneficial to those who want information, who desire it. To be freely and simply giving advice in a promiscuous way and then console myself, as I have seen many do, by saying, "that my words have been a blessing" is wrong, but to assist in a way that the ignorant can be instructed in knowledge, considered from an educational point, is a duty that we all owe to the unlearned. This is done in erecting a school where they may be taught, and while all cannot be scholars and learned in all the arts and sciences, yet they can not only be taught to read and write well and a reasonable amount of mathematics, but learn how they may live to be happy and successful in life, and the great lesson—how each may live so that they will be prepared to die well.

I have been taught myself so many important lessons in the schoolroom, from the platform and the pulpit, that to ever receive and never give anything that will benefit others would be a crime, which will meet with punishments from the hands of Him who rules over all. The majority of children can attend the common schools, but shall we be content with this? No, there are deserving boys and girls who, if assisted a little in the way of securing an education, will prove a blessing to society and the world at large. Then I am in debt to this class so far as my ability goes.

To the drunkards: I owe them my assistance to deliver themselves from the awful pit of sorrow into which they have fallen. This is to be done in two ways: First, by using all diligent effort to free our land from whiskey, and while we are sorry for those who are under the curse of this hydra-headed monster that confronts him who would shun his embrace, but the spell is on him and he is held fast as the bird that is charmed by the snake. We must go to his relief or he is forever lost to this world and his soul in the world to come. Then I am in debt to him to lift him out if possible. The only way is at the ballot box in the first place, then in a faithful warning to the boys and young men that they shun this monster, which has destroyed its millions, among whom were some of the most learned and talented of our nation and the heroes of other countries and ages. Alexander, who wept because there was no other worlds or other parts for him to conquer, died a drunkard. There ought to be homes provided where the confirmed drunkard could be taken away from the influence of drink, and be treated by skillful hands for this awful malady that has fastened its dealy fangs upon him. Men so cured would go out to spend their days working to rescue others, and the contributions would increase from year to year from men and the friends of this redeeming work, until an army of reform workers would fill our land. A law could be made that all that would be necessary to take the man to the home and care for and cure him would be the request or permission of his wife, parents or friends, or even the desire of the citizens of the community or town if no blood kin should be there to speak in behalf of the fallen one. Here requires that deep sympathy for the fallen that is only brought about by deep-seated love for God, out of which springs and grows that kindness and love for the fallen that was demonstrated by the good Samaritan in picking up even the one that the proud priest (preacher) passed by.

To the fallen women: I have time and again in my ministerial work said to the church, "You must receive her, baptize her and treat her tenderly, for she now says that Jesus is her great Savior and God has pardoned her sins." "We can not," has often come to my ears. "Oh God, help me," has as often been my cry. When God raised up and chose that wealthy man, Charles M. Crittenton, who in his missionary work was permitted to and did visit our own Southern city, Houston, and in his work there the instruction and the financial aid was given to establish a mission home where the reformed of this class could be placed in the right road once more, I was led to see a way through the cloud of opposition in reaching and rescuing all who would come, and in behalf of this home as a Christian I owe my prayers and any assistance that is in my power to give to it, in connection with my other duties.

What I owe my critics and vile persecutors: I never saw a kite that would fly unless it was pulled by a string, and a string that enables you to rise, in one sense, to a higher plane of usefulness, while the string may have flaws in it and rough places in it we will not cut it but let it pull. In regard to a few slanderers and backbiters, it is my duty to prove, in the first place, that they did not exercise wisdom they should have in a case of that kind. I now from experience know how to sympathize with the desperado, and can kneel with and beg God for Jesus' sake to forgive and save him. I have learned to rejoice in tribulation, for I have seen the hand of God reached out in my defense.

Then another thing; these critics enable a man to hang himself up on a peg and take a fair view of himself, and when a man does this honestly, he can never have much respect for himself. This I think was one reason why Paul said, "I die daily," and caused Thomas A. Kempis to long to be nothing, and why Spurgeon longed to flee away and hide in some American hamlet, instead of remaining in the metropolis of the world—London. When duty calls, *the man* will die at his post, like the faithful soldier who was on guard when Mount Vesuvius in her awful eruption ages ago buried the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and ages after was found by the excavating party encased in lava, but still at his post; Socrates drank the poison, and the Savior in the agony of his soul cried out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

To you who would follow Christ, I can echo to you that it will cost you something and you will taste of sorrow, but one will sometimes give way to persecution even when Jesus promises. That is a question that has often perplexed me, but all Bible characters when undergoing great sorrow of heart demonstrated, though leaders and strong enough to face all, at times gave way to weakness and wept and longed for the silence of the grave or peace and retirement from public life. These persecutions tend to refine and consume the dross of our composition and cause us to tack to the larboard during the storm, and the eagle to fly to its secure home amid the high rock caves above the raging storm, and the religion of Jesus Christ will lift a man above the wreck of worlds and the crush of matter and even lift over the big fire when this world is burned up; hence, as I claim to possess this article for myself, and to use the light for the benefit of others a binding duty, then if I cannot stand the test I ought to sink from public view at once, but if God causes us to go through a brick wall it becomes His duty to pick us up safely on the other side—a duty he always performs with great joy and He will ever sustain His servants in duty. A preacher who has no family altar, if he has a family, is not a suitable man to be pastor of any church and has no ministerial right to visit other homes and pray with the families of others. Unless this is his custom at his own home, it is like the hypocrite praying only on street corners—please excuse me from listening to you the second time, but many will reach heaven but their works will be burned up.

To the children: I owe words of cheer, instruction and correct teaching, for the lessons taught children shape their lives and determine the success most generally for two worlds; then I must be careful, indeed, with my words around among these of tender age and strive to plant truth in their young minds that will bear fruit in years to come. While the commission is given to preach my gospel to every creature many preachers never notice the children; hence, they are passing through this world not paying attention to their commission or are such blockheads they have not the sense to talk to the children and never think about getting a Sunday school or anything of the kind; then when some brother should, perchance, visit their congregation and talk to the children, these smart know-all-owl class of preachers when the new man is gone, they will say, "Now, he thinks he is somebody, because he has been to school." Last year when attending a meeting of an association, a preacher formulated and composed an article and read it, and this paper read about this way: "Be it resolved, that we instruct our next missionary to look after the children and when possible conduct meetings for them and organize Sunday school." I asked, "Please read that clause again," and I assailed the idea and asked what had your missionary been doing and I thought the board did not act wisely in appointing a man to such work unless he had sense enough to do the work that was binding on all missionaries. One or two preachers laughed at my remarks, but I knew they were very common cattle, and their slurs and sneering remarks and criticisms were not worth a reply, unless I should turn teacher and instruct the upstarts of theology, but those two have a salary even though no one is ever saved in or near their church.

The best material in all our churches, as a rule were converted when young, and our greatest workers in Christianity were brought up in the Sunday school. Then as one generation provides for the succeeding one we must strive to prepare the children for greater work, higher conceptions of life, the great needs of all to be happy, to commence right in life to succeed well. Hundreds wake up to see the opportunities lost and grieve over misspent youth—hence I owe this to all the children I come in contact with, and as far as possible I must make it possible by unflagging industry and help a few thousand get started right and impress the true principles of right upon them while life is spared. I owe watchful sympathy for their good and advancement mentally, morally and spiritually.

To the sick: I owe them my visits to cheer them and see if they have nourishment and proper treatment. This is very binding one me around my own home and in the bounds of my church, not only among the members but even a foe and known enemy if sick and in need; also going to the assistance of those who in their distress call for aid, and if I as an individual cannot do this myself, to use all the influence I can bring to bear upon others in a pure, upright way to secure their help in relieving the sick and suffering.

To the stockmen: I owe them a faithful discharge of the various duties resting upon me in the varied relations to all that is good, and to prove by a faithful life the reality of the religion of Jesus Christ, because I was once one of that number who roamed the beautiful prairies and took part in all work, hardships and dangers that gather around a life of exposure to rain and storm by day and night. Having left this work, I must be like the Chinese convert (don't misunderstand me that only a few stockmen have religion) who was told, "Now, you, a real Chinaman, got religion; if it is good like preachers says and you hold on, prove it to us; we come, too." So to those with whom I have mingled in days gone by from the coast of Texas to the plains I must hold on, as David expressed it, "Cleave to the Lord," and should trust or honor be placed upon me, prove true to each trust and wear each honor with grace, but never forget that the cow man has a soul and a big heart, though some wear the big spurs and the heavy white hat, and too often forgets when Sunday comes; and the wild thoughtless boys who would yell sometimes on the streets of the frontier town might settle down and become the pillars in the church some day and wear the highest honors of State; when enjoying their hospitalities, as I have in various sections of Texas, to always lay aside that stiff, cold formality that often renders the boys a little backwards when the preacher is around, and while remembering that I am still on duty, make them feel I am one of their comrades still, for the religion of Jesus is the best thing in this world anywhere and under any circumstances and raises its possessor to feel kindly towards all they meet.

To the lives and many examples of the past: I owe them debts of gratitude, for man is often perplexed with the duties that confront him; therefore, as I study the chivalrous and heroic deeds of these illustrious characters, it enables me to see how to perform my own work much better and their acts seem to turn the light on the dark ground and the knotty questions that so often perplex me; as Paul says, "None of us liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself." It becomes my duty and a debt I owe this world to use my influence in such a way, if possible, that this world will be made brighter and better by this frail life that I must meet the record of in the day of Judgment.

To my State: I owe the faithful discharge of every duty of a loyal, patriotic citizen, and whether I live in city, town or country, I owe my neighbors to live an honest, peaceable life, and to work for the mutual good of all—educational, financial, moral and religious, because if there is one real bad citizen in a community people may hear only of him and decide that they do not want to even visit the neighborhood where such a man lives; hence it is a duty I owe to all my neighbors to be a good citizen. And now in conclusion I ask who pay your honest debts, *"Have you paid all you owe?"*

CHAPTER XXIII.

DRINKING AND EFFECTS WITH HOPE FOR BRIGHTER DAYS AND A REMEDY.

Not a single man or boy who rode the range with me forty years ago that would get on a spree can be found among the living today. They are gone—some who were very wealthy wrecked their fortunes and died paupers, while several of those who did not drink are still alive and in fair health considering their age, some being near eighty, and what I have seen in my own short life is enough to cause me to forever be against liquor in all its forms.

I have, when speaking against the evils of drink, said: "If there is a man or woman in this audience who have not felt the withering curse of drink themselves or have known some of their blood kin to suffer on account of drink, will you stand up or come to me after the service?" Not one has ever stood up or come to me after the service; hence, I am forced to conclude that the curse of drink is felt in all homes in some way. Yet, some men are not willing to vote to put all intoxicating beverages beyond the confines of our State and Nation.

We think less of our fellow-being than the cowman does of young calves in his pasture, or the sheep in his flock.

The cowmen pay a royalty in many places of $5.00 per scalp for wolves, because they want them "prohibited" from killing their calves.

The sheep and goat men combine to kill all the wolves in the entire section and if a wolf should find his way into some herd and kill a few the fact is soon phoned up and down the canyon, over the mountains and traps are set anew, dogs are placed on the trail and soon the wolf is forever "prohibited" from killing any more sheep or goats. Then when we have poison in our homes it is carefully put where the children or a stranger will not get hold of it. Yet good men, good citizens will say: "I don't beileve in prohibition."

One hundred thousand die annually from drink and the saloon traffic must have one million more men and women in the next ten years. Fathers, will it be your son or mine or our door neighbor's son.

Every dram or spree taken tends to shorten life and blast bright hopes and there is not a single organization in all the world that was brought about to uplift humanity, but is against the liquor traffic.

As our State offers a bounty for the scalps of varsympathy and support, and opens its churches on proper occasions to the Anti-Saloon league of Texas.

By the adoption of this resolution it puts itself on guard and warns the citizenship of Texas to beware of the slogans that may be offered us in support of any measure that may hide behind a man not in harmony with the complete and everlasting overthrow of the liquor traffic. From this convention we go forth to battle against all comers who oppose the constitutional amendment on which we are to vote next year. We now pledge each other that we will do our best to do this one thing by every honorable means. We invite every organization of any name and sort, every man of every race and creed, whether Paul or Appollos, to go with us to the polls next year and every year thereafter that we may smite the enemy hip and thigh, for the purity of the ballot, the safety of the home, the love and service of God."

CHAPTER XXIV.

SOME SORRY PREACHERS I HAVE MET.

I believe that the ministers as a class or profession are the best set of men, as a whole, in this world, and also that they do more work for the pay they get and under more privations for the good of others and the world at large than any class in the land; but to say there are no black sheep in the flock would be putting it wrong, just because we hear this or that is bad on a preacher we must not decide he is a bad man until the charges are thoroughly investigated and the evidence is clear that the charges are true before we turn our backs upon him, because God himself shouts to all mankind, "Touch not mine annointed, and do my prophets no harm" (Psa. 105-15), and any man who willfully tries to or does harm or injure a minister though the preacher be but an obscure man in the eyes of the world, but brings upon his head the frowns of God, because he courts the sore displeasure of Heaven's King. There are rules laid down in the Bible to govern the minister's life and work which, if Mr. Preacher violates, he brings the chastening hand of God upon his own life. The happiness of his family and cuts his own children out of joys they would otherwise have and a few of this class of ministers which I have met with I will here relate that others may shun those sins which rendered them worthless as ministers.

One day as I was returning from one of the large ranches of Western Texas where I had been preaching for about six weeks I stopped to rest for an hour or two and to rest my horses in the quiet little town of Putnam, and one of the men I became acquainted with told me there was a Baptist minister in the store near and said, "I want you to make his acquaintance and I think he will want you to remain to preach at the church near him for a week, because religion is at a low ebb in our vicinity."

I followed him into the rear of the store where two men sat playing dominoes and I was introduced to them. The minister said: "Bro. A., I am glad to meet you. I have heard of the good meetings you have been holding in this Western country. I am very busy just now, but after a little I will be through with this game, then I want to talk with you and make arrangements for you to go out and preach for us a week or ten days, because there has not been an addition to our church by baptism in three years, and there is very little life in our church; well, you just excuse me now until I finish this game." I retired and left the minister to beat his friend playing dominoes. The minister was a man well informed, of fine appearance and a man who could have been a power for good. I was truly glad to see a minister; it would have done me great good if he had of thrown down the game and we could have had together ere we parted, a heart to heart talk and prayer. One of the members talked with me a good deal, while we waited for the preacher to finish his game, and I thought of two things. First—No one baptized into my church in three years—no interest. Second—How fond of the game and how deeply interested the preacher was in dominoes. I remained there two hours, but still the preacher was playing. I never went near him to disturb the game when I went to leave, but as I drove on that evening I thought of that minister, his dominoes and a dead church and all the sinners around him going on to destruction. I decided he was a hindrance instead of a blessing to the vicinity where he lived as was Jonah on the ship which was sailing toward Tarshish. (Jonah 2:3).

One day during a meeting I was conducting at Aquila, Hill County, a good brother from Abbot came to the meeting and said to me: "I want you to come mints which destroy our stock, the State itself becomes a party to the crimes committed because it does license the business. The supreme court of the United States has declared that it has no right to exist. Why do we not rise up in a day from ocean to ocean and stop it forever? We should not let a business be carried on which destroys so many lives and sends to bed so many hungry, half-clothed children.

The stock men hunt new range for their cattle and dig deeper wells that the stock may have water and look fine while if it was in our power to stop the drought we would set up all night.

It is within the power of the qualified voters of this State and Nation to stop in one day the avalanche of woe which will continue to roll over the Nation as long as it permits the liquor traffic. I feel I would add woe and sorrow to my own home and Nation if I was not a tee-totalist and a prohibitionist. There is a star of hope which shines through the black cloud that hangs over our State and Nation today, and the light is shining yearly with great force.

John B. Gough has passed away, but not until he started thousands to war against this drink evil.

Then Miss Francis E. Willard has organized a million women and girls into W. C. T. U., which are teaching the little boys in homes and school, and this army of the White Ribboners soon will march to the polls and cast the pure white votes which will make our nation free. Streams of light and knowledge on this great question are bursting from various parts of our nation which will grow so bright that there will not be a corner dark enough for this evil to continue its destructive work.

Many able men have given their best to this reform movement and the number is rapidly increasing. The New York Tribune asks, "Upon what does the liquor traffic depend? Upon debased manhood; wronged womanhood and defrauded childhood. It holds a mortgage over every cradle, a deed written in heart's blood over every human life."

Senator Carmack of Tennessee, said: "I am weary of saloon dominion. I am weary of the saloon's open alliance with vice, its open contempt of the law; I am weary of a condition of things where the man whose business it is to make the laws must hold his office by consent of the man whose business it is to break the law."

Henry W. Grady says: "The saloon is the mortal enemy of peace and order, the despoiler of man and the terror of woman, the clouds that shadow the faces of children; the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls unshrivered to judgment, than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plagues to Egypt and all the wars since Joshua stood beyond Jericho."

"Were I an artist I would borrow a pencil from Raphael and dip it in the fountain of human sorrow and paint a picture of the evils of intemperance; I would paint health in ruins; hope destroyed, affections crushed and prayers silenced. I would paint all the crimes of every nature and every hue from foul murder standing aghast over the open grave of its victim. I would paint a landscape of trees whose fruit should be poison and whose shadows should be pain and despair. I would paint a mountain whose summit should be covered with storms of perpetual desolation, in whose chilly atmosphere no mortal could dwell, where bleak, bitter, black clouds of vengeance should hold high carnival and fierce lightnings flash from pole to pole with lurid, startling light. I would paint a deep and gloomy cavern where sunlight never strays, where foul odors fill the air and dying groans of murdered men resound through the vaults of eternity."

Listen to the statements of three of our Presidents as they give their idea of the saloon:

Lincoln says: "The liquor traffic is a cancer in society, eating out the vitals and threatens destruction and all attempt to regulate it will not only prove abortive, but aggravate the evil. There must be no more attempts to regulate the cancer. It must be eradicated, not a roof must be left behind; for, until this is done all classes must continue in danger of becoming victims of strong drink."

William McKinley says: "By legalizing this traffic we agree to share with the liquor dealer the responsibilities and evils of his business. Every man who votes for license becomes of necessity a partner to the liquor traffic and all its consequences."

Ex-President Roosevelt says: "The friends of the saloonkeepers denounce their opponents for not treating the saloon business like any other. The best answer to this is that the saloon business is not like any other business and that the actions of the saloonkeepers themselves conclusively prove this to be the case. It tends to produce criminality in the population at large, and law-breaking among the saloonkeepers themselves. When the liquor men are allowed to do as they wish they are sure to debauch, not only the social, but the body politic also."

Just as long as people indulge in strong drink and marry into families of lunatics, just that long will deformed, weak children and insanity increase.

Dr. Daniel of Austin, says: "It seems the people are not yet civilized enough to appreciate the enormous, far-reaching, ruinous effects of a policy that multiplies crime and insanity, thus striking at the vitals of society and undermining the entirety of the human family; that makes murderers, thieves, paupers and prostitutes."

As pastor, missionary and in evangelistic work in four states, I have visited homes where all the children were idiots, deformed and helpless and upon investigation found that strong drink was the cause.

"None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself" (Rom. 14,7), is clearly demonstrated in history and written in blood in thousands of homes.

The population of Texas in forty-five years to 1908 increased 504 per cent. The insane of Texas in the same time increased 6,800 per cent. In 1860, there were fifty insane people in Texas, and their mantainance cost the State $12,000. In 1908 there were over 5,000 insane in and now there are two or three hundred in jails awaiting admittance to the State's care.

Dr. Marvin Graves says: "Sixty per cent of the insane of Texas is the result of alcohol, directly and hereditary;" while Dr. B. M. Worsham, ex-superintendent of the Austin asylum for the insane, puts it at 95 per cent.

Dr. Lunier of Paris, says: "Alcoholism strikes a man not only in his own person, but also in his descendants."

One Sunday afternoon I preached to men only, and when I dismissed a father came and threw his arms around my neck and wept as only a man in deep sorrow could. "Oh! Anderson! God knows I wish I had heard you preach that sermon twenty-five years ago. I was on a big spree, and nine months later my poor idiotic boy came to our home to stay. I am the cause of all his woe and suffering. Oh! God! Forgive me," he cried in deep despair. Such is the mercy of our great loving Heavenly Father, He will forgive for such great sins, but he will not wipe out the awful effects of that sin.

This poor father which I could only console by telling him God would forgive him, but his poor boy would not be cured though he died fasting and praying. He said: "Anderson, spread the light far and wide. I will pray for you while I live."

With such cases fresh in my mind, and the hundreds of idiotic children I have seen, I am forced to this conclusion, that alcohol, whiskey or beer does not undo the father and mother alone, but causes them to entail their increased sorrow upon their children, which have a right to be born well instead of being damned in this world and as statistics fully show 75 per cent of crime is direct or indirect fruit of this drink evil, it becomes the duty of the State to cease to be a partner to all this woe, suffering and crime by stopping the license of this nefarious liquor traffic at once and forever.

I close this by giving the resolutions adopted at our last Baptist State Convention, which met in Houston, Texas, November 9-15, 1910.

RESOLUTION ADOPTED.

"The Baptist convention put itself on record as against every man, measure, paper and institution that supports open saloons and pledged sympathy and support to the Anti-Saloon League of Texas. The resolution as adopted is as follows:

In all the realm of human activity the open saloon with its troup of attendant evils is the greatest hindrance to upward progress. In all the realm of knowledge outside the Holy Scriptures nothing so completely proves man's total depravity as his love for intoxicating drinks and his complete surrender to the fossilized arguments commonly presented in defense of public groggeries. In all the realm of good men not one is found to defend the ultimate results that come to him that drinks.

The upward progress of the human race has come through the travail of time and the terrible cost of experience.

That civilization moves fastest that avoids well-known pitfalls and stops not to abandon whatever hurts, no matter how dear it may have been to the fathers.

Texas is practically a rural population. Wherever the plow has gone, the prohibition of the sale of liquors has been adopted. With this prohibition have come better husbands and fathers, happier homes and and children, nobler schools and churches, more respect for the laws of God and man.

By the adoption of this resolution the Baptist general convention of Texas puts itself on record as against every man and measure and paper and institution that supports open saloons. It likewise goes on record for every man and measure and paper and institution that seeks to destroy the saloons. It pledges over to our church. Our pastor is cold; there is very little interest and he is conducting services every night and everybody wants you to come." I said: "Your pastor may not want me." I promised him to go over with him before I returned home if all was well. I closed the meeting at the water's edge Sunday evening and went over to Abbott for the night service.

I was pastor of this church when I took sick and lay unconscious for days from which no one thought I would recover, and when I did get up the Drs. said I must not preach again for one year at least.

I said to the brother as we were nearing the church: "We are so late that services will be almost over when we get there." We entered the church to find the house crowded. I was soon introduced to the pastor; old acquaintances gathered around me to tell me how glad they were to see me, which made me feel like I could never praise God enough for sparing my life when so low. The preacher said: "Bro. A., you preach for us tonight." I told him it was not a good idea to put up a new preacher in a meeting. "You can not hurt it, there is no one interested. We are only having a Nicodemus meeting." My mind was dull and I could not think what he meant by a "Nicodemus meeting." "No one interested," said the preacher. I thought over what the brother who came with me had said.

I looked over that vast audience which was waiting to hear a sermon from one of us. I soon rose to try to hold up Christ as a great Savior. I was so overcome with emotion I could hardly preach, but I soon recovered myself and earnest prayers rose from many hearts for God to bless the man who stood before them. It was one of those times in the preacher's life that he was lost in his subject with consuming interest and devotion that all other things paled into insignificance. The pastor had told me to close in any way I felt proper. I stepped from the pulpit and made a direct appeal to the unconverted to come to the altar and surrender to Jesus right now. There were about forty came, while some Christians shouted aloud. That was one of the few times in life I was able to fully obey the rules to preach a good sermon. I began low, went on slow. I took fire, rose higher and sat down in a storm. I led in prayer and four rose happy and said that Jesus had saved them. I then turned over the services to the pastor. I had never seen him before that night. He at once stood like he was bewildered, then said: "I don't like these rousations, I think it all wind." This man has hoodooed you people tonight, and on he went until I decided that he was the best worker for Satan I had seen in all my life, with the name of a preacher. His speech from start to close was like throwing ice water on the audience, and finally said: "Well, we will have services tomorrow night, and I trust we will not have a storm, because I will preach."

Now, you who want to run down, blame and criticize evangelist and spit on the invited preacher, listen to me for one minute—if that preacher had kept his mouth and prayed for God to direct and bless my work to the salvation of souls, and I had remained and preached for ten days, he, as pastor, would have baptized into his church forty or fifty or more. I was willing to be run over and kicked around by wicked men, but I never had met a man low enough down and near enough like the devil to abuse me in church where God had just used me to stir the people with His word.

I told all who begged me to remain and preach again, "Why, your preacher don't want me on the ground. I have some self-respect. I must not stay, but I can tell you now—you will not have any meeting and that preacher, unless he repents, cannot get a congregation anywhere to preach too much longer in this vicinity or any where else long." The last time I heard of this smart man he was preaching to a church where he had been sawing away for three years and the members had decided they had as well disband. I told them that was unnecessary; just to get rid of that preacher and call some minister who was a servant of the Lord and enjoyed his work as a minister and loved the souls of men.

To really see this world as it is you must be among that class for a year or two who are not counted as much and known to not handle but little money, yet have some ideas of your own as to the eternal truths of God as He gave it to be embraced and lived. The only reason that such preachers as he was did not stop all religion in his section was because God overruled the wills of such men and their sermons fall like chaff upon the hearers. I would rather my family would stay away from the church where such men preach for if a preacher is pastor of a church and no one has been added in three years and no one interested in the services, he ought to invite some minister to come and aid him, but a remark he made to me caused me to see clear through his whole work. He said: "Bro. A., we are not getting in all the trash in the vicinity like some Baptist churches I hear of, but we are digging down into sound teachings."

You know the "first of the flock" and "the red heifer" were very important in the sacrifices of the children of Israel, and a red heifer was not a spotted heifer; there never has been and never will be in the service of God man raised to select stock for various things from a study of the Bible could say here is a man that is a failure.

I trust that no young minister who reads these lines will ever come in contact with a minister like that one for if all preachers the young minister meets, if he is noble and true, will cause him to reach to higher ideals in all his work; no man ever spent a day with Spurgeon without being a better man; very few, if any, ever attended one of Moody's meetings without being more devoted to the Lord.

I have met ministers that were ready to criticize my sermons and all other preachers in the land. I was so chilled when I left them I was sorry indeed I ever saw them.

I am so glad that Jesus said "follow me," but I have also met with rare jewels with unpleasant surroundings that I could pray God to bless and sustain them amid all their trials and labors, and one who chills all the better feelings in you when you meet them you cannot feel like praying for them, which really need our prayers.

Another minister that is one who had the papers and was on the field as missionary pastor invited me to come and hold a meeting at his church and I agreed to and preach as best I knew how for four days. I soon learned I was in the wrong place to expect a meeting what one would call a revival. I made my home with this preacher who had two grown sons; one a widower, the other had his wife and each living with their parents. They came to their father's house after he was placed there as missionary pastor by the State board.

This preacher, to keep his sons near him and to induce them to stay he, with his own money, bought out a grocery store and the saloon adjoining so each could have a business.

I have never seen the day that I thought preachers' boys were always bad for only fools would believe that. This man's sons got into a quarrel at the table one morning and each left the table cursing the other and went into the back yard with their knives ready to fight it out. The poor mother was trembling with grief and fear—father said, "Now, boys." I ran between the two men and asked them to please listen to me for one minute, and then if they could not forgive and drop the affair I would stand aside and let them fight it out. I appealed to them because their father was a minister and pastor of the church in town, etc., but with bitter oaths they said they did not care for pastor or church. I then told them their dear aged mother was overcome with grief and should they hurt each other their mother would die before night. I saw these remarks had some weight and I continued with the aid of my Savior. They returned to the table and finished breakfast.

I told the minister I had better go to another place to stay. He saw I was cast down and bewildered, so he told me that the boys would never do that way again, since you have given them such a talk, but that did not satisfy me.

I told him we had as well close the meeting and that night he told the people after I had tried to preach that Bro. A. had done good, earnest preaching and now he was going to leave us, and if they would aid him in paying his railroad expenses, if it was just "a mere pittance." So a collection was taken and the large amount of fifty cents was gleaned from that congregation. There I was, two hundred miles from home and the big sum of fifty cents in my pocket, when I would need about seven dollars to pay car fare, but we are told, "Happy is that man that hath the God o fJacob for his help" (Psa. 146), so I told my Heavenly Father of my needs and asked him for Jesus' sake to supply my needs now.

The next morning I started to the depot two hours before train time and a gentleman stopped me on the street and said: "I enjoyed your sermons, but I would not turn my head to hear that man who lives here and has bought a saloon for his sons. Here is a dollar," and two others said about the same each, handing me a dollar. I thanked them and went on to the depot. There the boys and men made up among themselves about two dollars more for which I was very thankful indeed.

We now turn to the preacher again. He said to me the second day I was there that he wanted me to tell the people who were abusing him for buying the saloon that as soon as the license expires, which would be in six months, they would then put in a much larger stock of groceries. I said to him: "You are the man to do that, because I cannot tell them what you will do in six months. I cannot defend you in this if you close tomorrow. You will have to leave this section before you can do any good as a minister, and let the Lord see that you do repent before He will bless you."

When the train came I was as glad as one could be because I was from under the shadow of one of the sorriest ministers I ever knew. God forbid that I should ever see such another one like him.

I reached a city about forty miles away where I was almost a stranger. I walked into a drug store and became engaged in conversation with the proprietor, and soon a customer came in and in a rage began to "cuss" preachers and the Bible and before I thought I was preaching to him with such earnestness that he stood speechless and thunderstruck, so to speak. My audience increasing all the time until the store was crowded and no one present knew my name or where I was from, neither did I know the name of any one, unless it was the proprietor's by his sign. After about fifteen minutes of such talk from me as they had never heard, I think I said, "I did not intend to preach you a sermon here in the drug store," and closed.

The druggist handed me a dollar and others stepped up, did the same and the collection amounted to several dollars. I was invited to visit some sick and quite a number of homes. I talked with them and prayed with them. I never left a house that they did not give me from fifty cents to two dollars and a pressing invitation to return again; so God answered the prayer and I had twice the amount needed for expenses home though the preacher I have just told you of only wanted the church to pay me "a mere pittance," and I got fifty cents. I relate this little incident because I don't think any other preacher was ever treated that way.

My work with the preacher had only started. I informed the local association board, which had recommended this preacher to the State board, that this man *must be* turned out of that work. So it was not long before another Baptist preacher was in his town, not to preach, but to see if I had reported correctly, so the board could be sure before it acted and this sorry preacher lost his job at once; which will be done with every man who is found unworthy of the board.

I was invited by another pastor not very long after this affair to come and aid him in a meeting. When I reached the place I found the pastor and another preacher there that was rather old and a member of the church.

The pastor said to me: "This is a hard place; quite a number of rich infidels here, and their connections is such that I cannot reach in any way those men. I know you don't care who gets mad when you preach. Now I want you to drive them to the wall."

Everything as far I could see was pleasant and we had a glorious meeting. I had quit all work to devote my life to leading sinners to Christ; the provisions and things that would make my home comfortable was rather scarce, and the flour and meal was low; this I am willing to confess and I was in a country that abounded with good things, but they were not mine.

The pastor baptized forty-six about seven days after the meeting began and eighty-five was the number, I believe, when the meeting closed, but about three days before it closed I was due to begin a meeting in another county, so I told the people. The pastor called on the lay preacher of the church to take a collection.

The preacher got up and said: "Brethren, Bro. A. has been with us now two weeks, and we have all enjoyed his preaching very much, and he is a poor man with a large family," he is a poor man, he repeated with emphasis, five or six times. "Now, brethren, we want to help him a little." They were about to proceed with the collection when I asked them to listen to me for one minute. I told them I was not before them as an object of charity, but I was there as a servant of God and I needed help in a financial way as a minister and it was an insult to my Master to refer to me as an object of charity, and if they could not aid me as a minister, I did not want their help as an object of charity.

My feelings were so wounded I sat down and wept. When the great collection was taken it was the enormous sum of seventeen dollars and fifty cents; when they should have paid me fifty or one hundred dollars, for in that audience was fifty men who were worth from ten thousand to fifty thousand, and those men would have responded in a noble way if that stale chunk of frozen theology had have talked as a man that loved God, and presented the subject as he should.

Thousands will read these lines who will never meet me.

I turned away from an offer of ninety dollars per month six months before this meeting to be a minister of God and preach until I starved to death or made a success, that is, I would undertake to do what before God I believed to be my duty as God Himself had laid on me. I also turned from another fine offer from a business man; a merchant who offered to give me half interest in his entire house if I would go behind his counter and put the energies into the business I had put into the business I had been following.

With a sad heart and the collection I bade them adieu, to go home to remain one night with my family and to leave next day to hold a meeting with a small country church among poor people. My wife said, "With such collections for you as that we will always be in want." I told her it was the sorry preacher who kept repeating "he is a poor man." A preacher ought to learn his duties and do them or keep his mouth shut; the small church in a poor country where I only baptized fifteen gave me about fifty dollars without one word from me. The pastor modestly said: "You have heard Bro. A. and it is useless for me to tell you God has blessed his work here to the salvation of loved ones we have long wanted to be saved." I really thought they did more than they ought to.

Another sorry preacher I met I will tell you of and then turn to pleasanter subjects.

This good brother, for we all loved him because he had toiled and worked his way through college and came out with first honors, said to several of us that he had qualified himself for a city pulpit and he did not expect to fool with country churches. This minister was called to a city church as pastor and staid three months, then moved to another to remain about the same, so he was with about four city churches in one year, and he drifted to some little country church far away; quit preaching and went to teaching school.

I have read of dudes and perhaps, I have seen some, but I never did have time to observe them long enough to know them, and I know all men ought to think fairly well of themselves; their attainments, and it is right but when we let our attainments reach that point that we think only of them this very knowledge will sink us in mid ocean before we reach the fair land of success and when a minister of Jesus Christ tells his Lord and Savior that he will only preach to city churches, God himself says to him while surrounded by admirers: "I select my men and my soldiers must go where I want them."

This preacher had another quality which marred him with all the brethren. He would criticise each minister who was not educated and trying to preach Christ to a lost world and his criticisms reached that point so that others would shun him; this being true with nearly all of his brethren.

You may see his bad qualities were conspicuous in another way, but as I think about this brother who was too learned that he would not preach to country churches, I remember being at the Waco Association and there I saw a young minister who had been called to one of the city churches in another county. He could not keep company with any one but Dr. Carroll, and he followed him up so closely that it caused many remarks by others. I love Dr. C., and all great men for their work's sake, and greatly admire them for their worth to the world at large as great generals and leaders in the army of the Lord, but I must be a soldier at their side to fight for the Master and never be a puppy in the way.

That preacher's star has set; he seemed to have struck the "dead line," because he could only associate with great ones and others were unworthy of his company. I know a man cannot run around to make ado over all people, but when he is where others are he ought to look at the stars as well as the sun all the time.

But I have never met the minister who went on a journey from Virginia to North Carolina, who stopped in every town along the way to New York and preached from "Peter's Wife's Mother Lay Sick of a Fever," until a drummer who went to church every night hoping to hear a sermon on another subject that when preacher and drummer entered a town together a crowd was gathering, the preacher said: "What's is the matter here;" whereupon the drummer replied: "I have heard for the last ten nights Peter's wife's mother was sick of a fever; I expect she is dead, if so I hope they will bury her," but I may have met his nephew.

I am glad I have been laid on the anvil of circumstances while a merciful Heavenly Father has turned me more and more His way.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOCKLEY, 1907.

Hockley, the home of my boyhood's happy days, is thirty-five miles west from the great city of Texas—Houston—and while it is only a small place today, it was away back in the sixties and seventies the great shipping point for much lumber, where great ox teams were the motive power, from saw mills to railroads. Now it is only a small place, but it has furnished Harris County with more officers than any town of its size in the State, has furnished county officials to run county affairs, and I am proud of her history.

On this point, Mr. Geo. Ellis was first county commissioner for four years, then sheriff for eight years in succession. Then he was criminal district clerk for four years and served as chief of police in the city of Houston eight years, and was succeeded by Mr. J. M. Ray as chief of police, who was reared near Hockley.

Mr. E. F. Dupree was county clerk for ten years, grew to manhood at Hockley, where his father still lives.

Hon. Blake Dupree was raised at Hockley and elected county judge for two terms and is now one of the men of Houston who are managing vast monied interests of others.

Mr. W. E. Ellis of Waller, Texas, a son of Geo. Ellis, was raised at Hockley and is said by many railroad officials to be one of the best agents on the entire line of the Houston & Texas Central road, which is no small honor.

Many others raised here have achieved success in the financial world.

Dr. Batte, an honored citizen for years I regard as the best physician ever entered my home.

I believe I am the only boy who ever grew to manhood there who entered the ministry and I trust I will never do anything in life that will cause my friends there a pang of sorrow, but by the help of Him who sits on the circle of heaven and watches the universe and the planets as they roll on in the immensity of space to take my stand among the men of today and prove worthy of the friendship of all true men and women it has been my fortune to meet.

Mr. Jeff Montgomery, a saw mill and real estate man, also the Hackney brothers, who are today very wealthy, all grew to manhood in or near Hockley.

Hockley is today surrounded with large ranches from which each year is shipped from $75,000 to $125,000 worth of stock.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHY I AM A BAPTIST.

In the first chapter I stated that my father was a Methodist class leader, and hundreds of times, perhaps, the question has been asked me, "Why are you a Baptist?" "From reading and studying the Bible," has always been my reply, but I will here try to explain fully "Why I am a Baptist."

When I was about twelve years old there were only a few professors of religion in the vicinity where I lived—a few Methodists and a few Baptists. The Methodists had preaching regularly at that time. A Baptist minister moved in the community and soon made friends, and the few Baptists who lived there had him to preach. By special request of those who, with their children, the Methodist minister had tried to get to join his church, as there was no Baptist church or Baptist preacher in the county, the Baptist preacher preached on Baptism, and he had only a Bible in his hand or upon the table used as a pulpit. Some two or three joined the church that day, because the minister had organized a Baptist church. When the new members, as they were called, were to be baptized, the preacher told them they would meet at a certain place on the creek. He read the Bible at the water's edge, and said among other things, that Jesus, our precious Savior, was baptized in the river of Jordan in Palestine. The minister then lead those to be baptized into the water, where it was about three and a half feet deep, and immersed each one. Everybody and his kinfolks seemed to be there who lived near enough to witness this preacher put under water the persons who had joined the Baptists. My parents were there, and the Baptist preacher called on my father to lead in the last prayer.

All the people present seemed to be in a good humor, but it was only the following week that two of the Methodist members came to see my father and told him that their preacher "must answer that sermon on baptism." My father would not agree with them to have a special sermon by the Methodist minister in reply to the sermon preached by the Baptist, but they were determined. The Methodist minister had it announced that he would reply to the Baptist sermon on baptism. All the people wanted to hear the reply, so there was a crowd in attendance.

When the Methodist preacher came into the schoolhouse that day he had several large books besides his Bible, and he proved by these books of travel over Palestine that the River Jordan, where some claimed that John the Baptist (Matt. 3:1) baptized the Savior (Matt. 3:15-17) was nine feet deep. He took great delight in proving that point and seemingly was satisfied that he had made it so clear that it was an impossibility for John to baptize Jesus the Savior in the River Jordan. He preached for one hour and thirty minutes to prove all his points (said the older people).

When we were dismissed I left the house in tears, and made for my horse, mounted and rode home. At dinner father saw I was sad and had been weeping, whereupon he said, "My son, what's the matter?" I said, "Father, you have taught me that the Bible was the word of God and that it was true. Now, which must I believe, Methodist books or the Bible?" Without hesitating for one moment, he said, "The Bible above all books." "The Methodist minister proved today by those books that it was a lie about John baptizing the Savior in the River Jordan; now, if this is a lie, all the rest must also be a lie, because it is clear to anyone who can read that John and the Savior came out of the water, and about the time they were near the edge of the water God spoke from heaven and said, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom

I am well pleased.'". (Matt. 3:17.) I told my father I did not know that it would do me any good to ever go to church again to hear that Methodist preacher. "But I will try to do as you say, but from this to my dying hour I cannot take the Bible and be a Methodist." This was a struggle to me, but it was the way I felt.

Since then I have never had anything to cause me to think otherwise than that baptism—immersion in water of the whole body—was the Bible mode of baptism. I don't call anything but the immersion of the whole body in water baptism. The Methodists, like the Baptists, say: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." (Eph. 4:5.) Yet they will sprinkle the water on the person, or pour it on the person, or immerse like the Baptists. Now, there are three distinct modes or ways—all are not right—and instead of one baptism as a church, they have three baptisms. They tell me, "so a person is satisfied." That is no answer at all. In that case the person or preacher teaches that their conscience is a higher standard or greater authority than the Word of God. Thousands listen only to the preacher who says, "It is all right;" but we will not be judged by what he said or taught. We are not commanded to follow any preacher, but

Jesus says, "Follow me." All denominations believe that Jesus was immersed by John in the River Jordan. Paul, in writing to the church at Rome: "Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death, that, like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." Immersion of the whole person in water is as near like the burial of the Savior as it can be by a living person. Now, if Paul speaks of baptism as a burial, then John immersed the Savior in the river of Jordan as recorded in Matthew, 3d chapter.

To be brief on this subject of baptism, all the leading writers for the last one hundred years or more say the immersion of the person in water was the Apostolic mode of baptism.

The Catholic Church in the Third Century changed baptism to sprinkling or pouring to accommodate a sick man, who they said could not be taken and immersed. The apostles nowhere taught that sprinkling was baptism. Now, as Jesus by example taught baptism (immersion) and all the apostles taught it, and all the scholars since admit that it was the Apostolic mode, where did any man, church or council, in short, any power beneath the sun, get the right to change baptism to sprinkling or pouring and call it baptism? Where does any one or any church get the right, the authority to make two or three distinct methods and call them all "one baptism?" Now, I am not telling you what someone taught, but I ask you to take your reference Bible and read Matthew, 3d chapter, and turn to all the references an baptism; also Rom. 6:3-6.

Baptists also teach that only those who depend alone on the shed blood of Jesus for salvation—a new creature; old things are past; all things to them are new; that their faith in Christ's shed blood has saved them—are fit subjects to become members of the church. Their sins are pardoned because they have looked through faith to Calvary for pardon and their sins are now blotted out—then and not until then are they fit subjects to be baptized. (Mark 16, 15.) Jesus says, "Go ye into all the world and preach my gospel to every creature; he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned."

So belief comes first; not that we are to believe that Jesus is the Son of God, because all sinners believe that, but that through their faith in Jesus' word, they take Him as their own personal Savior.

Baptists never taught that baptism is essential to salvation, but to be baptized because they were saved, because "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

We tan leather "with ooze;" we wash clothes "with water"—that is, we immerse the leather in the ooze; we immerse the clothes in the water—so we, in baptizing "with water," immerse the person to be baptized.

In answer to why I quit the Methodist or the church of my parents: First: I did not think sprinkling or pouring was baptism; second, the Methodist had such little confidence in their preachers that they had Presiding Elders to go around and watch them, and then Bishops to boss the whole set of preachers, which was too much like decrees coming from Rome to suit me, and no Bible, as I saw it, to warrant such degrees among preachers.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SHORT SERMON ON ETERNITY.

"Man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets." (Ecclesiates 12:5.)

Dear friends, we have been thrown together in the journey of life. We have met on the plains of the West; we have met in the parlors of the rich; we have met on the train, in crowded streets perhaps, or in the pine regions of East Texas; but whether we ever met each other before or not, every day of our existence we were on the great journey with no stop-over tickets or a month's delay—we were in one great rush onward as fast as the wheels of time rolls, on to our long home.

I have met great crowds on Canal Street in New Orleans and saw the crowds rush—rush as though time was precious. The same way on Main Street in Houston, and also seen the gay throng as the people surged to and fro on the beach and sea-wall at Galveston, but pause a moment and ask, "Where, oh! where, are all these people going?" It is true their destinations in this world may be in opposite direction—some to palaces while others to poor and obscure homes, but all are bound for their "*long home.*"

We may have met when undergoing sore trials or at the open grave where some dear one was being laid to rest, but still we never stopped to loiter by the wayside, for time never let us wait. Even while we, at the grave may weep, our bodies wait, but still we are nearing our long home each moment. This brings us to the question.

Where will you spend enternity? This question is of more importance than any other question that we are ever called upon to answer, for "Man goeth to his long home." You cannot put on the brakes and stop, for a mighty power moves us on—no time to wait. And the great Judge of earth will call us some day and we do not, can not know when. There is no way to avoid this. "As the tree falleth so it must lie"—so man dieth and where is he?

To the cow man the day will come when his favorite horse will look in vain for his master. The cattle over the range will still roam but their owner will not be there, because he has gone to his long home to never return. Oh! do stop and answer before your Maker, "where you will spend eternity?"

The large store will be closed some day and crape will swing from the knob while all within that great store will be still—the proprietor has gone to his long home.

The trains will continue to arrive and depart, but the day will come when those who control will be gone to their long home.

Lovely faces will be covered with smiles, but in the same crowd hearts will be bowed in grief because someone most dear has gone to their long home. If it is you, where will you spend eternity?

It makes no difference if you don't like the preacher. You may not like the truths of the Bible, but that does not alter the condition or prevent you from going to your long home. Many have tried to close the mouths of the ministers; many have tried to destroy the Bible, but more ministers are preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ than at any period of the world's history before; more Bibles are sent from the press than at any period of the world's history before, and the number of ministers are increasing and yearly more and more Bibles are turned out from the great printing houses in various parts of the world. The sale of the Bible is greater than any other ten, if not fifty, books that ever came from the pen of man, because God, the author, wants man to live so in this world that when life is over his long home will be a happy home, and this can only be our long home by obeying Him here.

Don't think for one moment that it is all right unless you have believed in His only Son. Your own good deeds will not answer. The Apostle Paul said, "If I give all my goods to feed the poor and give my body to be burned, unless I have charity it profit me nothing," so only faith in the shed blood will give you a happy home beyond the tomb.

But if we, like Queen Elizabeth, who reigned for fifty years, live in rebellion against God, we may, like her, if we had the means, in the last hours cry out, "Millions of money for one inch of time."

Wealth wasted may be amassed again; health wrecked may be repaired by temperance; knowledge lost may be regained by study; friendships shattered may be restored by years of fidelity; reputation demolished may be rebuilt by penitence and virtue; but who can remedy a misspent life in the last hours.

"O! I can't die; I won't die," has been the sad cry of many a lost soul, who in their last moments realized they must at once appear at the Judgment Bar of the Eternal King. How shall we escape if we neglect?

Dear reader, it would be far better for you and me that we had never been born than to go to our dying hours unprepared to meet *our Maker in peace.*